
THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

For the Month of *April*, 1760.

ARTICLE I.

The Modern Part of an Universal History, from the earliest Account of Time. Compiled from Original Writers. By the Authors of the Antient Part. Vol. XVI.

IN our last Number we gave an account of the preceding volume of this work, which ended with an account of the Hot-tentots. We are here favoured with an amusing detail of the manners, religion, laws, commerce, &c. of all those kingdoms lying between Cape Negro and the Gold Coast, or second division of the Guiney Coast. In this great tract of western continent, are included the maritime kingdoms, if we may so call them, of Benguela, Angola, Kongo, Loango, and Pombo; and the inland or interior kingdoms of Metamba, Makoko, Mulak, and a variety of others, whose names are probably scarce known to most of our readers. We have besides a curious account of that barbarous people called Giagas, and of that infamous cruel prostitute their queen Zingha, a name terrible to this day in these countries; the volume concluding with an exceeding entertaining account of the slave coast, or first division of the coast of Guiney, and the powerful kingdom of Benin. We shall endeavour to give as distinct and concise an abstract of the manners of these several nations as the limits of an article will admit; for as to criticism it is out of the question, where we know so little of the history: sufficient it is we observe, that the stile is more enlivened than in most of the preceding volumes; the narration less embarrassed with useless disquisitions and notes, which served no other purpose than to gratify the vanity of the writers, in displaying a fund of useless unnecessary erudition; the different characters more strongly marked; the

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reflections

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reflections more frequent and close ; and the disposition of the materials more distinct and uniform. We may likewise remark the difficulty of compiling a just and regular series of history from the detached writings of voluminous jesuits and voyagers, who adhered to no method, and set down their observations in the manner and order in which they occurred ; a circumstance which alone reflects great merit on the work before us. ' Here (say our authors) is no clue to guide our steps ; no plan of history to serve as a thread for our narrative. Materials are jumbled together, without regard to method or diction, the very perusal of which is more laborious and fatiguing than the whole of the execution besides. Under these circumstances we resolved to form our own plan, and digest the whole in the same order we have hitherto maintained ; hoping that the difficulty of the undertaking will be compensated by the satisfaction the reader will receive in the perusal of the first copious, clear, and authentic annals of this country, even if they should prove deficient in some of those embellishments which constitute the principal care of modern historians.'

Benguela is the nearest kingdom to the country of the Hot-tentots, on the western side of the great peninsula of Africa. The country is fertile, and abounds in droves of large beeves, sheep, and other quadrupeds. It affords copper and elephants teeth for traffic ; some grain, poultry, and other provisions, sufficient to answer the necessities of the ignorant, indigent inhabitants : but we need not dwell on those particulars, as the soil and climate are at least as good as the barbarous race of natives deserve. They are described a brutish lawless people, subordinate to no authority, and regardless of the dictates of humanity, religion, morals, and honour ; but at the same time simple, cowardly, and ensnaring. The men wear skins wrapt round their loins, and copper collars, encircling their necks. This last ornament the women wear of an extraordinary weight, amounting sometimes to 15 or 20 pounds ; and both sexes adorn their arms and legs with bells, bracelets, and a kind of copper buskin ; for such the rings may be called from their enormous breadth and weight. Polygamy is permitted, and sodomy practised ; idols are worshipped, and the sick and aged abandoned in their last agonies. Such are the outlines of this horrid picture, upon which it would be disagreeable to dwell. Providence would not suffer the vices of this people to escape unpunished. A nation more savage, more cruel, and more warlike than themselves, was sent to destroy them. The Giagas entered Benguela, and made dreadful devastations, slaying men, women, and children, without pity or remorse.

Before

Before we proceed, it may be proper we give some account of this barbarous people, the scourge of all the western kingdoms; and this our historians ought to have done, as their incursions constitute all that can be called history in their description of Kongo, Loango, &c. and the whole region of western Ethiopia. From what nation of Africa the Giagas are originally descended, is not known. It is probable they came from the frontiers of the empire of Monoemugi, and fixed their first residence in the kingdom of Makoko, north of Loango. Hence they spread themselves along the eastern boundaries of Loango, Kongo, and Angola, still farther east into the very bowels of Metambo, where they founded a monarchy, and southward to the kingdom of Benguela. The Giagas are tall, lusty, strong, active, and swift of foot: they climb the steepest mountains and most rugged rocks, with the agility of wild goats. Even the women are stout, warlike, and both sexes so intrepid, that no enterprize is deemed too arduous. Plunder and prey excite them to the most daring attempts, and nothing can withstand their impetuosity. Zimbo was the first commander who led them to conquest, accompanied by a virago, called Temban-dumba, who served him at once for a concubine, counsellor, and shield: he penetrated, at the head of the Giagas, to the very heart of Kongo, committing the most inhuman butcheries in his way, and leaving nothing behind but devastation and ruin. Accustomed to feed on human flesh, they put their unhappy prisoners to the most excruciating tortures, to give a higher relish to their flesh. Wild beasts, reptiles, corrupted carrion, and the most beastly and loathsome food, were greedily swallowed, when the greater delicacies of human flesh were consumed. After a series of victories, which terminate in a defeat, Zimbo dies, and is succeeded by Temban-dumba, daughter of Dongii, one of the generals of the late king. She was bred under her mother, and at a very tender age discovered such prudence, courage, and presence of mind, that she was admitted into the most intimate secrets of the cabinet, and preferred to the command of armies. Soon she expressed her uneasiness at being subjected to the controul of a mother, inferior in capacity to herself, and at last broke out into open rebellion against her parent. She had already given so many proofs of an intrepid bravery, that her unnatural rebellion, instead of being resented by this barbarous people, was looked upon as a proof of heroic ambition, which gained her the hearts of all men. She forms projects for becoming absolute, and extending her dominions; and succeeds by means the most brutishly cruel.

‘ To execute her ambitious project the more effectually, she ordered her whole army to be drawn up in arms before her, and appearing before them in her masculine military dress, prepared them, by a proper preface, in which she acquainted them with, her sanguine views of making them victorious and happy under her conduct; and, by their valour and assistance, to lay the foundation of a powerful and glorious kingdom and government, which should eternise her memory, and make them dreaded by all the Ethiopic realms around them.

‘ But first of all she told them, that she must and would instruct and initiate them in the laws and rites of the antient Gias, their ancestors, as the most infallible means to make them as successful and opulent as the late Zimbo their leader, without the danger of exposing themselves to the same disasters and misfortunes. To convince them how much she was in earnest, and expected to be obeyed, she told them she would herself forthwith set them an example worthy of their imitation and valour; unless they were greatly degenerated from the courage and intrepidity of their celebrated race; and, if they were, would infallibly revive it in them. Having thus far raised their expectations, and fixed their attentive eyes and ears on her, she ordered an only son, which she had by one of her paramours, to be brought to her, together with a large pestle and mortar, in which, instead of overwhelming him with the caresses of a young and tender mother, as they might reasonably expect, she, to their great surprize, and without the least shew of remorse, pounded the innocent babe alive, till she had reduced the bones, flesh, &c. into a pulp, among which she brayed several kinds of powders, herbs, roots, oil, and other drugs; and having mixed the whole in a kettle over a slow fire, into an ointment, she stripped herself, and ordered some of her maids to anoint her with it from head to foot, before them all. This done, she resumed her martial dress, and told them, that that was the sovereign balsam which would render them not only strong and robust, and fit for martial exploits, but invulnerable and invincible, and a terror to all other nations.

‘ It is hardly to be conceived, says our author, how that unnatural action was admired, and how speedily and universally it was followed by her barbarian subjects; much less to reckon the many thousands of male infants that were butchered in the same horrid manner, and for the same hellish purposes.

‘ She presently after made it into a law, that none of her subjects should undertake any thing of consequence, or even consult about any enterprise, till they had previously anointed themselves.

Yelves with that detestable ointment, which, she told them, would inspire them with wisdom to chuse, and courage and resolution to execute, all their projects with undoubted success: and, that there never might be wanting a supply of it, she enacted some other edicts, by which several sorts of male children were excluded from being admitted into the Kilomba, or camp, or even from being brought up; some of which were ordered to be pounded and boiled for the use above-mentioned, and others, that were either deformed or defective, to be thrown to the dogs; to all which she added those infants which the chiefs and persons of rank should voluntarily offer for the common benefit of the whole, and which, she said, had by far greater virtue and efficacy, when made into ointment, than those of the meaner sort. Neither did she suffer any woman to be brought to-bed in the camp; which, she affirmed, polluted it to such a degree, as nothing could expiate but the death both of the mother and child; so that, to deter pregnant women from it, she condemned them, whether the mischance was voluntary or no, to kill their offspring with their own hand, or to be themselves put to death.

Most of these laws, which she stiled quixillas, are still religiously observed by the Giagas; only the women are prohibited to be killed for food, to prevent the extinction of the species. They are, however, reserved for a purpose little less inhuman, to grace the funeral obsequies of some great personage. Nay, the penalties annexed by law, lays no restraint on the nobility, who glut themselves, without dread, upon female flesh, as much the more delicious, perhaps, because it is forbid by the laws. Our authors mention one chief, Giaga-Cassango, for the use of whose table a certain number of young women were killed every day. Several other laws and customs this hardened Amazon introduced, wholly calculated to extinguish humanity and decency. One, in particular, we shall mention: when any of her officers was ordered upon an expedition, it was expected he should lead his favourite wife or concubine into the most publick part of the camp, and there, in full sight of a numerous circle of spectators, celebrate the nuptial rites, or run the hazard of being dismissed the service; a savage custom, scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of human nature, except in one instance, which the learned Prosper Alpinus mentions of the Arabs at Grand Cairo, whose marabuts go through the same ceremony at the rising of the Nile. At last, after murdering whole nations around her dominions, whole hecatombs of her own paramours, friends, relations, and subjects, this bloody princess was poisoned by one of her gallants, who succeeded to her crown.

crown. We do not chuse to trace the history of this detestable nation further, which, it were to be wished for the credit of human nature, were entirely fabulous, in which light it may probably appear to many readers.

We now return to the kingdoms of Kongo and Loango, both of which, with Angola, formerly constituted but one kingdom, governed by one sovereign. Kongo is bounded on the north by the famed river Zair, on the south by the Danda, on the east by the kingdoms of Fungono and Metambo, the burnt mountains of the sun, the crystal, saltpetre, and silver mountains; and on the west by the Ethiopic sea, extending about three degrees from north to south. Situated under the torrid zone, the climate must necessarily be hot. It is, however, extremely fertile; and to the indolence of the inhabitants must we ascribe their poverty. A variety of birds, quadrupeds, trees, plants, and other vegetables, scarcely known in other parts of Africa, are produced here in great abundance. Some writers alledge, that Kongo is but thinly inhabited; but Cavazzi, and the best authorities affirm, that the king can raise nine hundred thousand fighting men; and that the proselytes made by the missionaries, exceeded six hundred thousand souls. The fecundity of the women is, indeed, astonishing, the laws and customs of the people humane, so that nothing besides indolence can hinder the country from being populous. Joined to extreme indigence and slavery, the inhabitants are puffed up with pride and arrogance; and, indeed, we find these the usual concomitants on poverty, as if they wanted to compensate wretchedness by conceit and insolence. They imagine that all trading nations are forced to those servile employments, by the unkindness of nature, which denies them a subsistence without labour; and they content themselves with a bare existence, rather than disgrace the dignity of their blood by any kind of occupation or industry. All the laborious employments are punished with death or a fine, but robbery rewarded and extolled, as a proof of courage. The religion of the country is the grossest idolatry, blended with a thousand ridiculous superstitions; their priests the most artful impostors; and the high-priest, or *chalombe*, worshipped as a deity even by the king. The original complexion of the natives was a pale yellow, now faded to a dusky olive, since the intermixture of the Portuguese: their eyes are generally a lively black, sometimes a dark sea colour; their other features resemble those of other negroes, and their stature of a middling size. They are suspicious, jealous, envious, and treacherous; some of which qualities they seem to owe to the first propagators of christianity among them. These few detached

detached features, we think sufficient to convey an idea of the Kongoese.

Our authors proceed next to relate the origin, antiquity, foundation, and history of the kingdom of Angola; in which the curious reader will find a variety of entertaining particulars.

Angola was formerly but a province of Kongo; now it is an independent monarchy, extending along the Ethiopic coast, from the mouth of the Danda, under 8 deg. 10 min. south lat. to the river St. Francis, under 13 deg. 15 min. In general the kingdom is fertile, populous, and rich in natural productions. The Portuguese missionaries have made a surprising progress in establishing christianity here, and, indeed, they have acquired by their policy, a great share in the government. In natural disposition the inhabitants differ but a little from the Kongoese, only they are more rich and less arrogant. In the history of Angola, we have an amusing account of the foundation of the kingdom, and succession of the monarchs; of the first arrival of the Portuguese in that country, and their subversion of the monarchy, after deposing queen Zinga, who waged long and bloody wars against them.

Chap. V. contains a description of the situation, extent, and limits of the kingdom of Loango; of the manners and religion of the natives; the incursions of the Giagas, with several other particulars, which the authors sometimes repeat, and often contradict, by relating other particulars, diametrically opposite. But we cannot be surprized at catching them napping in so tedious and laborious a work.

We come now to the kingdom of Benin, situated at the eastern extremity of the Guiney coast, the history of which is replete with entertainment, various passages of which we shall extract for the satisfaction of the reader, and as specimens of the stile.

‘The natives of Great Benin are in general a good-natured, gentle, and civil people, from whom, by kind usage, any thing may be obtained. If they receive presents, they return them by double the value; and will even steal to enable their gratitude. If a stranger makes a request, he is seldom refused, however inconvenient it may be to comply with his desire. In short, their disposition is no less easily worked upon by soft means, than inflexible to all kind of severity and rough usage. By courtesy their pride is flattered, their self-importance raised, and a parasite will succeed in points which a blusterer would try in vain to effect. They are quick and alert in business, greatly attached to their antient manners, and shocked at any the least innovation. In this alone, perhaps, they are disagreeable,

many of their customs being equally disgusting and unnatural to an European. In their bargains in trade, with strangers especially, their tenaciousness of their own opinions renders it difficult to deal with them. It frequently happens that a bargain for elephants teeth will take up some weeks before it is completed, with so many ceremonious civilities, truly ridiculous, is it preceded; yet with each other, where they repose a confidence, no people make greater dispatch.'

'The government appoints a kind of brokers called Mercadors, or Fiadors, to treat with strangers about all merchandize. These Mercadors speak a corrupt Portuguese, which enables them to converse with Europeans. This qualification is esteemed by their countrymen their only excellency, as without it they are looked upon as the refuse and dregs of the people, because they trade upon borrowed capitals; in such esteem are riches held even among negroes and barbarians, and such is the contempt affixed to poverty. Among themselves all private bargains are dispatched with the utmost secrecy, for fear of exciting the jealousy or avarice of their governors. Their being represented to these as great traders, would infallibly be attended with ruinous consequences; for the governors keep a number of emissaries in constant employment, always ready to accuse those persons they are desirous of sacrificing to their interest and ambition. For this reason those who are out of power, and bear no share in the government, carefully conceal their wealth, putting forth every appearance of poverty, in order to escape the rapacious hands of their superiors. This obliges them all to an artful and cunning civility, in order to avoid accusers, and bribe by respect and deference those men to whom they are afraid of offering money.'

'The king, great lords, and every viceroy and governor, support, according to their ability, a certain number of poor at their residences. The blind, the lame, and infirm, are the objects of their charity; as for the lazy, they are suffered to starve if they refuse to supply their own wants. By this excellent police not a beggar or vagrant is to be seen. The public officers keep the idle to their labour, to prevent their infirmities, the consequence of poverty, from increasing the tax on themselves. This necessary care succeeds so happily, that in spite of their natural indolence, the indigent are but few. Liberality and generosity are distinguishing qualities in the natives of Benin; but they accompany their donations with an ostentation that destroys the grace and beauty of the action. Nay, so intoxicated are they with the love of praise, and the reputation of liberality,

berality, that they often impoverish themselves, and ruin their families, to excite admiration.'

' In general the negroes of this country are libidinous, and much addicted to venery, which they ascribe to the free use of Pardon wine, and good eating. This, however, is an observation which will hold not only in Benin, but in almost all warm climates. Their conversation is pure, and free from all obscenity; the rites of love they hold as sacred, to be spoken of only in places destined for that purpose, in retreats, and in a manner neither to offend the eye nor ear; yet the delicate hint, the well-wrapped double-entendre, is so far from being prohibited, that the person possessed of this talent passes for the first of wits. Hence it is that conversation is continually enlivened with well-contrived fables, and chaste similes, tending however to this point. The pregnant wife is forbid the caresses of her husband till after delivery. If the infant proves a male, it is presented to the king, as properly and of right belonging to him; but the females are the property of the father, are intirely under his power, live with him till marriage, and in this are wholly directed by his will.'

' When a woman bears two children at a birth, it is deemed a happy omen; the king is made acquainted with it, and public rejoicings are ordered to be kept, which they express by a variety of wretched music, vocal and instrumental. As the task of suckling both children is esteemed too difficult for the mother, the father by law is obliged to look out for a nurse, who has lost her own child; and that no advantage may be taken of his circumstances, her price is rated by authority. At Arebo only, twin births are reputed a bad omen, and attended with great grief to the unhappy parents. Here they actually treat the mother with the utmost barbarity, killing both her and the children, and sacrificing them to a certain demon which they are firmly persuaded haunts the village. If the husband happens to be uncommonly fond of his wife, he purchases her life, and sacrifices in her stead a female slave; but the children, without possibility of redemption, are the atoning offering which this cruel and savage law requires. Such an impression have those dismal events made upon the men in general, that those whose circumstances are able to support the expence, usually send their wives to be delivered in another country; whence it is probable that this more than savage custom will one day be abolished. The wood supposed to be frequented by this evil spirit is kept so sacred, that no foreign negro of either sex is permitted to enter it. If a native of Arebo accidentally falls into any path leading

leading to this wood, he is obliged, however pressing his business may be, to pursue it to the end without looking back; the violation of which custom, or of that other cruel one of murdering their wives and children, they believe will be attended with a plague, famine, or some public calamity. Notwithstanding this rivetted superstition, Nyendael says, that he has frequently gone a shooting here; and, to ridicule their stupid credulity, has frequently turned back before he proceeded half way in the track leading to the wood. At first they imagined he would instantly fall down dead, or be seized with some violent disorder; but perceiving that no bad consequences followed his boldness, their faith was somewhat staggered. The roguish priests, however, destroyed all his endeavours by their artful salvoes and subterfuges; affirming, that no inference could be drawn from the practice of a white man, their god not taking any concern about him; and that if a negro were to attempt the same thing, the consequence would most certainly be fatal.'

'As to the religion of the country, it is so fraught with good sense and absurdity, that we are at a loss how to describe it. The Fetiche, of which we shall speak explicitly in another place, is worshipped here, as in all the other countries on the western coast of Africa. They take every thing that seems extraordinary for a god, and make offerings to it. These, however, they consider in a subaltern capacity, acting as mediators between men and the great God, of whom their ideas are less gross and unworthy. To God they ascribe the attributes of omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, and invisibility. They believe that he actuates every thing, and governs the world by his providence. As he is invisible, it would be absurd, they think, to represent him under a corporeal form, to image and worship what we never saw, and cannot comprehend. To every evil they give the name of *devil*, imagining, that an evil-disposed, wicked, and malicious spirit, presides over all that is bad. This being they worship out of fear, and to prevent his injuring them. The devil, however, is not represented by any particular figure or image; he exists wholly in the mind, and the same idol is often worshipped for the great God and the devil.'

The authors come next to the Slave Coast, or the first division of Guiney Proper, under which they describe a variety of kingdoms; but we shall content ourselves with a few curious extracts from their account of the beautiful little kingdom of Whidah. This little kingdom is, perhaps, the most populous, fertile, and pleasantly situated spot in the universe. It is thus described by our authors.

'Having

* Having once got on shore, the scene is soon changed from a dreadful swelling surf to a most beautifully enamelled meadow, covered all the year round with a fine verdure, that nothing can exceed. Round the coast the country is flat, rising by an easy and equal ascent towards the interior parts, that sets the landscape in full view, and presents a most pleasing and rich prospect to the shipping. The height of the ascent is bounded by a chain of mountains that defends the country from its north-east neighbours. All the Europeans who have been in Whidah speak of the country with raptures, and extol it as the most beautiful in the world. The trees are strait, tall, and dispersed in the most regular order, which present to the eye fine long groves and avenues, clear of all brush-wood and weeds. The verdure of the meadows, the richness of the fields, cloathed with three different kinds of corn, beans, roots, and fruits, and the multitude of houses, with a dimpling stream, murmuring down the declivity to the sea, form the most delightful prospect that fancy can picture to itself. Every inch of ground is converted into use, except those places destined by nature for pleasure, where the woods spring up spontaneously in the most exquisite rural simplicity. A perpetual spring and autumn succeed each other; for no sooner has the husbandman cut his corn, than he again plows and sows the ground; yet is it not worn out; the next crop puts forth with the same vigour as the former, as if nature here were inexhaustible. Unquestionably certain it is, that the kingdom of Whidah is so populous, that one single village contains as many inhabitants as several intire kingdoms on the coast of Guiney; and yet they stand so close, that one is amazed how the most fertile land on earth can supply the number of people contained in so small a compass. One may compare the whole kingdom to a great city, divided by gardens, lawns, and groves, instead of streets; not a village in Whidah being a musket-shot distant from another. Some are the king's, some the viceroy's villages, and others are built and peopled by particular private families. The former are the largest and best built; but the latter the best cultivated; if there be any difference in a country so uniformly rich and beautiful. In a word, it is the true image of what the poets sing of the Elysian fields; and, to speak all its perfections, though the authority is undeniable, would appear to the reader as if we indulged a warm imagination at the expence of strict historical truth.'

* In the capital Xavier, or Sabi, a great market is held every fourth day, in the different streets of the city. In the other towns of the provinces they keep an Aploga, as they term it, or

a fair, where one seldom sees fewer than six thousand merchants. At Sabi the greatest markets are on Wednesday and Saturday. To prevent confusion, and the disturbance that might arise in the city from such a multitude of people, the market is removed at a mile's distance from the walls, to a fine large plain, several parts of which are adorned with groves of tufted trees, which afford a refreshing shade to the people, half stifled in the croud, and scorched under the burning heat of the sun. Here the king's women attend to sell cloths, and their other manufactures. These fairs and markets are regulated with so much care and prudence, that nothing contrary to law is ever committed. All sorts of merchandize are here collected; and those who have brought goods are permitted to take what time they please to dispose of them, but without fraud or noise. A judge, attended by four officers armed, is appointed by the king for the inspection of all goods, to hear and determine all grievances, complaints, and disputes. To oppress liberty, and sell for a slave the man born free, is a crime of a black complexion, and always punished with death.

‘ Bosman says, that the inhabitants of Whidah exceed all the negroes he had seen, both in good and bad qualities. All ranks and degrees of them treat the Europeans with extreme civility, courtesy, and respect. Other negroes are eternally soliciting presents; the Whidans had rather give than receive. When the Europeans trade with them, they expect they should return thanks for the obligation; but their making a present to a white man they value as nothing, and are displeased at any acknowledgment for a thing so trifling. They have an obliging engaging manner of addressing each other, and a degree of subordinate respect proportioned to the quality of the person, that greatly astonished Bosman, among a rude people, as he first imagined them to be. When any one visits or accidentally meets his superior, he immediately drops upon his knees, kisses the earth three times, claps his hands, and wishes him a good day or good night, which the other returns in the posture in which he then happens to be, by gently clapping his hand, and wishing him the same. The other all this while remains sitting, or prostrate on the earth, till the superior departs, unless some urgent business calls him, in which case he makes his apology in the most submissive terms. The same respect is shewn to the elder brother by the younger, to fathers by their children, and by women to their husbands. Every thing is delivered to, or received from, a superior on the knee. Women do the same to their husbands, adding, what is esteemed a mark of still more profound respect, the clapping together of both hands.

hands. When persons of equal condition meet, they each fall down, clap their hands, and mutually salute; the same ceremonies being nicely observed and imitated by their several attendants, a whole retinue of an hundred persons being down at once on their knees, which might easily be mistaken for some public act of devotion. If a superior sneezes, every one round him fall upon their knees, clap their hands, and with him happiness. In a word, no part of the world is more polite in the external ceremonies than the kingdom of Whidah. How a nation, confined to so small a spot of ground, should differ so far in manners from the surrounding kingdoms, with which they have a constant intercourse, is not so easily accounted for. One would be led to think that this happy little people have a soil, a climate, and a nature peculiar to themselves, and differing from those distant but a few miles from them. The natives of Whidah are in general tall, well made, strait, and robust. Their complexion is black, but not so jet and glossy as those of the Gold Coast, and still less than those of Senegal and the river Gambia. They excel all other negroes in industry and vigilance. Idleness is the favorite vice of the Africans in general; here, on the contrary, both sexes are so laborious and diligent, that they never desist till they have finished their undertaking; carrying the same spirit of perseverance into every action of their lives.

After a circumstantial account of the religion of the Whidanesse, and their *snake* worship, the authors speak in the following terms of the female priests:

‘The women promoted to the dignity of Betas, or priestesses, immediately assume dignity, even though born of slaves and the dregs of mankind. They are equally, often more, respected than the priests, and claim to themselves the appellation of *the children of God*. While other females pay the most slavish obedience to the will of their husbands, these arrogate to themselves an absolute and despotic sway over them, their children, and effects. She who yesterday breathed at the pleasure of her lord and master, to-day (such is the force of weak zeal) governs with the pride of an eastern princess, and the arrogance of one unused to power. This makes the men decline those holy matches, and prevent, if possible, their wives being raised to that honour they so much covet.

‘Des Marchais thus relates the ceremonies observed in the election of priestesses. Every year they chuse a certain number of young virgins, who are separated from the rest of the sex, and consecrated to the snake. The old priestesses are charged with this business. They begin at the time when the
6 corn.

corn first buds forth, retiring first to their habitations, situated at a short distance from the town. Armed with clubs, they sally out from thence like furies, enter the town, and run about the streets, crying out, *Nigo badiname*, "Stop them; seize them!" All the girls from eight to twelve years of age, whom they are able to catch, are their property by law: and, provided they enter not into courts or houses, no one is permitted to resist or oppose them. Their attack is supported by the priests, who, without pity, kill all those who presume to defend themselves from the blows of those remorseless gorgons. The young captives are conducted by those old bedlamites to their abodes: their apartments are assigned them, where they are instructed in the mysteries of religion, or rather of fraud, vice, and hypocrisy, and marked with the image of the serpent: the parents are made acquainted with the place of their retirement; and, far from lamenting their fate, they are overjoyed with the honour done their family, and the good fortune of their daughter; nay, they frequently voluntarily offer to dedicate them to the snake. If the old priestesses should happen to fail of seizing in the city the number of virgins required, they then make excursions into all parts of the kingdom; which generally continue four or five days. These, in the same manner as those in town, are limited to certain hours of the night.

'At first the young ladies are treated with abundance of tenderness: they are taught to sing and dance at the sacrifices, and, after a complete education, they are permitted to reside with their fathers, under the restriction of returning at appointed periods to their duty. As for the old priestesses, they are composed of such as have either lost their husbands, or were never married, possessing all the virulence, rancour, and malignity, inseparable from the breast of an old virgin, envying the happiness of others, unworthy of felicity themselves, and equally hated and despised by all mankind. To conclude this account of religion, to the other accomplishments of the young lady are superadded the arts of love and gallantry. They are taught by the old bawds to wheedle, to toy, and to counterfeit the fits and transports of the most violent passion. Thus they raise the price of their favours, share in the booty, and encourage the girls to compliance, by promising them they shall be amply rewarded in the great Fetiche's country; yet, where their interest is not concerned, they are the most vigilant guardians of virgin honour, more out of spite than principle; less from virtue, than envy of those joys of which they can never participate.'——
Heartily could we wish, that the antient virgins of our own country merited a different character.

In the next section we have a description of the civil government, capital laws, laws relative to insolvent debtors, laws of succession, revenues of the crown, and military force of Whidah: the whole concluding with an account of the soil, climate, produce, and, lastly, the revolutions in the kingdom, and its conquest by the brave king of Dahomay, whose intrepidity, justice, magnanimity, and splendid public and private virtues, would do honour to the monarch of the most civilized European kingdom.

The volume concludes with the history and conquest of the kingdom of Ardrah, which was over-run by the same Truro Audati king of Dahomay, whose character our authors delineate in the most striking colours. We shall confine ourselves to a very few extracts from this very entertaining account.

‘The Ardrafians prefer the language of Alghemi to their vernacular tongue, esteeming it more elegant, sweet, and sonorous. No letters or written characters of either of these languages are in use, but the king and nobility speak, read and write the Portuguese fluently. The vulgar, who can neither write nor read, use a small cord tied in knots, to each of which they affix certain ideas, and by that means convey their sentiments to a distance. It is a kind of cypher, where the parties must settle certain preliminaries, before they are able to correspond. Their is, however, a great deal of genius in this contrivance, and prodigious memory necessary to the execution of it, with a tolerable degree of accuracy; yet it is surprising with what facility they retain and combine the ideas first annexed to each knot.’

‘The men have here the same liberty as at Whidah, of taking as many women as they are able to maintain. No great ceremony is observed in matters of love; the great liberty enjoyed by single women, whose general carriage is loose and lascivious, affords abundance of opportunities for making and receiving addresses. Birth and fortune are seldom regarded. The men of the lowest class pretend to women of the highest quality, love qualifies alone, sets all degrees upon a level, regulates the conduct of parents in unequal matches, and makes all the parties happy. How different this custom from a certain unnatural *act*, past in a country the most admired for its laws, and the first in rank of any perhaps in the world, for the good sense, the erudition, and the manly freedom of the people! Notwithstanding this toleration, men seldom look for wives out of their own class: as they chiefly associate with those, so their choice is generally confined among them.’

‘Writers

* Writers observe, that the climate of Ardrah is unfavourable to the propagation of the species, it seldom happening that a woman ever becomes mother of more than two or three children. But this we would rather ascribe to their policy, than to any default in the air and climate. The women are married so young, that their charms vanish, they lose the power of exciting desire, and indeed of enjoying nature before the age of maturity in other countries. Besides, the men are enervated with the opportunity which variety affords of indulging their passions; and as they marry while they are boys, they are debilitated before they become men. One extraordinary notion, considering the inequality of births, prevails in this country; it is, that a woman delivered of twins is reputed an adulteress, because they cannot conceive how a woman, who has confined her caresses to one man, should bring forth two children. The men, says Barbot, after having robbed the flower of its chief beauty, the modest blush, do not confine themselves to their own women, but lie on the watch to decoy the wives and daughters of their neighbours; a vicious principle in human nature, that grasps at whatever is without the reach of possession. This author affirms, contrary to the testimony of all other writers, that the women are kept in the utmost subjection, prohibited the sight of men, much more their conversation, and scarcely admitted into the company of Europeans, before the husband is fully satisfied of their morals, and possessed with high notions of their honour and character. Indeed if the manners of the women be such as we have described, this restriction is almost a natural consequence.

From these extracts we imagine the reader will conceive no unfavourable idea of the execution of this volume. It were, however, to be wished, that more attention were paid to geographical order. We see the history proceed from east to west in the general plan; yet are kingdoms confounded with respect to their relative situations. Whidah, for instance, is described before Ardrah, and Koto and Popo before either, tho' the natural order requires that first Ardrah, then Koto, Popo, and Whidah, should be described. It were better, perhaps, if the whole of the African history had been divided into certain districts, and large empires, without any regard to the infinity of little kingdoms and states, which helps only to swell the work.

ART. II. *A Chronological Abridgment of the Roman History, from the Foundation of the City to the Extinction of the Republic. Written in French by M. P. Macquer, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. Translated, and improved with Notes, geographical and critical, illustrating the Antiquities of Rome, by Mr. Thomas Nugent. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Nourse.*

OF all nations the French seem to have studied the Roman History with the most sedulous application, if we may judge by the great number of excellent, political, and historical writings upon this subject in their language. Montesquieu, Vertot, and Mably, have admirably explained the genius of the Roman people, the spirit of their constitution, the peculiar circumstances which contributed to render their sovereignty universal, and the causes of their decline. Rollin, Catrou, Crevier, and twenty more, have written Roman Histories, superior in style and composition to those of other nations; and we may indeed observe, that this is the field where the writers of that country range with the greatest freedom, the most credit to themselves, and profit to their readers. Assisted by the valuable collections of medals in the royal cabinet, and, perhaps, inspired by their vicinity to the scene of so many glorious actions, they emulate each other, who shall best relate transactions which afford the strongest precepts, and most animating examples of the means of acquiring universal monarchy. Policy, as well as inclination, leads that ambitious people to pursue studies so congenial to their disposition, so flattering to their aspiring views, and co-incident with their designs upon the liberties of mankind. How artfully do they seize every opportunity of deducing reflections, which insinuate a tacit compliment to their own government, and vindicate those practices by which they would establish despotism and servitude. 'To do justice to Servius, (says our author, p. 36.) there is reason to believe, that being convinced there is no medium between a pure monarchy and a government intirely republican, he thought it incumbent upon him to prefer the former, for the benefit of his people.' Yet certain we are, that Servius planned a scheme of government, neither wholly republican nor monarchical, part of which Junius Brutus afterwards adopted, on the expulsion of the Tarquins. One would indeed imagine from such a reflection, that M. Macquer had never heard of such a country as England, tho' his name seems to indicate him a subject of that crown. In another place our author affirms, 'that Providence has pointed out a monarchical government to all nations, and that human society is in a state of violence, till this system takes place:

when once it is established, the ambition of the nobility is curbed, and they are obliged to approach the throne with awful reverence. A monarchical government, by giving a head to the state, grants a sure protection to the freedom and tranquility of private citizens.' Alas ! how different would our author have found it, had he chanced to have adopted and published contrary sentiments, which would probably have furnished him with an opportunity of finishing the remainder of his Abridgment, in that delightful solitude the Bastile : but we need not insist upon a topic obvious to every one acquainted with French writers, and the nature of their government.

In the Abridgment before us, the author has copied the plan of the president Honault, in his judicious Chronological Abridgment of the History of France. 'To render a short compendium almost as interesting and instructive as a large body of history; to accommodate the result of several years study, to the lowest capacity, without the least affectation, or shew of art; to avoid details, yet to omit nothing material, to draw similar characters, yet to give their peculiar features; exhaust the subject, yet appear to skim over the surface; such, says M. Macquer, was the task undertaken by the president Honault,' and such is the ingenious attempt of our author. As the subject required greater extent, he has considerably enlarged the president's plan, without deviating from the principal narration; like a well-designed landscape, an infinity of objects present themselves, but all connected with each other, and included in the one general perspective. The style is concise, spirited, and well adapted to comprize a number of facts in a small compass, and render them striking to the imagination. His method is the best calculated that can be to the nature of his design; the whole being digested into exact chronological order, and divided into centuries; to each of which are subjoined remarks, and deductions from the narrative, which greatly contribute to the satisfaction of the reader, as they improve the judgment, assist the memory, and fix the attention. The tables prefixed to each century, exhibiting a view of the kings and consuls, are useful; but we could wish he had consulted more accurate systems of chronology than that imperfect work of Brietius, for the columns assigned for cotemporary princes, philosophers, poets, and eminent men in arms and letters. To own the truth, we think these columns intirely unnecessary, and a heavy appendage to so spirited a performance.

M. Macquer has not succeeded so happily in drawing characters: the two opposite portraits will afford the reader a specimen of his talent in this way.

• Histo-

Historians tells us, that Cato was a man of general accomplishments ; but he seems to have had a more particular talent for the censorial, than for any other office : he was remarkably active in canvassing for it, and he was more vain of this, than of all his other preferments. He took the name of censor which stuck by him, and he caused these words to be engraved at the bottom of the statue, which the people erected to him in the temple of Health : *To Cato the censor, for having reformed the discipline of the republic by his sage regulations.* This was the first time the people did him this honour ; and as his friends expressed their surprize, at his not having obtained it sooner, his answer was, *I had much rather you should be surprized at the people's delaying to erect a statue to Cato, than to hear you ask their reason for erecting it.* In the administration he shewed himself what he had always been, a zealous encourager of order and discipline, an obstinate and inflexible enemy. He drew up a new list of senators, and degraded among others, L. Quintius, brother of the great Flaminius, who had merited a much severer punishment : for this senator had been convicted of committing murder to gratify a courtesan, that expressed a curiosity to see a man die a violent death. He degraded Scipio Asiaticus of his rank of Roman knight, merely out of hatred to the Cornelian family. He was an enemy to luxury, which began to shew itself about this time in Rome ; and with a view to suppress it, he contrived a reformation, which was productive of very good consequences. Taxes had been hitherto raised, according to the discovery which the citizens made of their effects ; but this did not extend to cloaths, moveables, equipage, jewels, and the usual articles of luxury. Cato included them all : and as the censors themselves used to set a value on goods declared, he made the estimate amount to a great deal more than the original cost, and laid the tax in proportion. He erected a magnificent building in the Roman forum for public uses, which was called after his name, Basilica Porcia. The prevailing taste as yet of this city, was to be fond of public magnificence, and to check the pride of individuals.

Speaking of Hannibal he says, ' If this great captain wanted religion, sincerity, and humanity, as he is said to have done, I shall perhaps grant that he had the accomplishments of a conqueror, but I will not allow that he had those of an hero. Between these two characters there is a wide difference, which the vulgar nevertheless find difficult to distinguish, for the very same reason as they confound empirics with men of real knowledge in physic. The loquaciousness and specious appearance of the empiric are apt to impose on the multitude, who, through

want of judgment, go no further than the surface of things, and are naturally captivated by outward show. Were the expression allowed me, I should say that conquerors are empirics in heroism; that their most brilliant exploits are mere exertions of power, which charm the vulgar, alarm nature, and fill the human breast with sentiments of pity and horror.

How infinitely short of the merits of the great Hannibal is so languid a portrait! Livy himself mentions him in terms favouring more of enthusiastic veneration for the great qualities of this barbarian, as the polite Romans were pleased to call their enemies, without distinction; and yet Livy speaks as a Roman, who has probably by no means embellished the picture with graces that did not belong to it.

M. Macquer's character of Cicero seems to be collected from too warm an admiration of his writings, which is the fault of his elegant biographer, our countryman Dr. Middleton.

It must be allowed in praise of Cicero, that he was a lover of glory and of his country; a principle in itself honourable, though it made him commit some little failings. His ambition had no other object than glory; he feared no difficulty conducive to this point; this is what induced him to take such pains in improving himself in every ornamental branch of life, so as to make it dubious whether his natural, or his acquired accomplishments, were most considerable; and glory being the object of all his wishes, the least diminution of it gave him the greatest uneasiness. He had not sufficient fortitude to bear with disgrace, therefore he quite lost himself during the whole time of his exile. He who had made so great a figure in his consulate, was grown timorous and irresolute towards the extinction of the republic. He seemed to have lost one half of his existence, when he saw the liberties of his country subverted. Yet he pretended to be a philosopher, and was even more ambitious of this appellation than of that of an orator, perhaps because he was sensible of his not being entitled to the former, whereas the latter could not be disputed with him. He was not made to spread terror and desolation in the field; but he often faced death in the midst of Rome for the defence of his country; and at length he nobly laid down his life in the glorious cause. He was not a soldier, yet he had courage; I do not mean that rough kind of courage by which we are hurried to carnage and slaughter, but that steady resolution which properly forms the characteristic of a great man. The chief failing he can be charged with, is a little vanity, a failing however that borders in some measure on the love of glory. Yet Cicero may still be ranked

ranked among the greatest men that appeared towards the decline of the republic. Pompey had only the outward shew of virtue ; Cæsar frequently neglected even to preserve the appearances of it ; Cato carried his to excess ; but Cicero was possessed of real virtue, together with vast abilities, and every shining accomplishment.

But this was by no means the real character of the Roman orator. In his pleadings at the bar he used all the chicane, the glosses, and subterfuges of a dirty modern pettifogger. In his political capacity he was vain, ostentatious, venal, and pusillanimous, notwithstanding he met death with the magnanimity of a hero. His oration, *Pro lege Manilia*, and several others, distinguish him a fulsome sycophant, and mean time-server ; nor can it be denied, that his heart was open to corruption, if we carefully examine his letters to Atticus. His own words here condemn him ; and he frankly confesses in one place, that a certain preferment in Gaul would have won him over to Cæsar's party. There was, indeed, a strange inconsistency in his character ; an elevation of thought too big for the animal powers, which formed a strong contrast between his speculative and practical conduct, if we may so express ourselves. He was, in a word, what our elegant satyrists call, lord Verulam, whom he strikingly resembled, " the greatest and the meanest of mankind."

We shall dismiss this article with giving our readers a specimen of our author's political capacity, by extracting the reflections with which he sums up the history of the first century of Rome.

' The origin of empires is generally embellished, or rather disfigured with fables. I thought it my duty to take no notice of those which are told of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome: *There were kings at Rome, there were consuls, there were decemvirs*, says a celebrated writer : *The people of Rome destroyed Carthage ; Cæsar vanquished Pompey ; all this true : but when they tell you, that Castor and Pollux fought for this people ; that a vestal, with her girdle, set a vessel on float, which before was aground ; that a gulf was closed as soon as Curtius jumped into it ; do not believe a word of it.* They who tell us that Romulus and Remus were condemned to be thrown into the Tiber, at the instigation of Amulius, who had usurped the throne of Alba from their grandfather Numitor ; that the person entrusted with this inhuman office, was satisfied with exposing them in a wooden trough on the river Tiber, with an inscription declaring the circumstances of their birth ; that this wooden trough was fortunately left safe on the strand ; that a she-wolf, hearing their cries, came

up and suckled them ; that at length Faustulus, the chief of the king's shepherds, received them into his cottage, and afterwards took care to have them educated as princes ; they, I say, who tell us such wonders, do not deserve more credit. Away with such idle fables : let us leave them to those shallow understandings, who have no relish for history, but when dressed in the disguise of romance ; and who look upon the marvellous as the only sublime.

‘ The Roman history has charms enough of its own, without having recourse to foreign embellishments. We are amazed at the low beginnings of that people, when compared to the high pitch of grandeur which they afterwards acquired. We are eager to discover the causes of this surprising progress ; we are inclined to attribute it to the very genius of the founder of Rome, and of the primitive Romans, as well as to the circumstances under which this empire was founded ; and, upon inquiry, we shall find ourselves not at all mistaken.

‘ At the time when Romulus and Remus laid the foundation of Rome, Italy abounded with a great number of petty states, many of which consisted only of a single fortified town, and a few neighbouring fields. To form a settlement of this kind, might have been the utmost ambition of two young princes, that had no other force or support than a few herdsmen and adventurers, who followed their fortune. Their aim might have been to build a town, and not to found an empire. But Romulus carried his views a great deal farther. After he had acquired the sole command over his little colony, by killing his brother, he set his mind upon increasing his power, and extending the limits of his dominions:

‘ A little country town, surrounded with a ditch and a wall of no manner of strength, and filled with mean, irregular huts, was, in appearance, a contemptible object ; but Romulus's ambition made him view this little town in a nobler light, and consider these thatched houses, as the foundation of a lasting city. He was in hopes that Rome, by a constant exertion of her strength, might not only be considerably improved, but gradually subdue all her neighbours, and become mistress of Italy. Even the feeble condition of this city seemed to him, in some measure, to presage the grandeur and power which she was one day to acquire. Fortune delights in befriending those, who expect nothing but from her hands, and from their own endeavours. Besides, we are apt to have no distrust of the impotent ; we despise, we neglect them ; not considering that they are continually upon the watch, ready to take advantage of our security,

of

of our indolence, or our mistakes, in order to raise themselves upon our ruins. No doubt but Romulus often made these reflections, and thereon he founded part of his hopes. Every thing shews him to have been a profound politician. Who can but admire his notion of opening an asylum in his little town; an artifice which had luckily the effect, not only of increasing the power of Rome, but also of diminishing that of his neighbours? Who can help being surprized at the means he used to procure women for his subjects, that wanted the commerce of the sex, not only to soften and polish their manners, but likewise for the purpose of propagation? When the neighbouring nations refused to marry their daughters to the Romans, Romulus might have undertaken to oblige them to it by force of arms; but he would have run the risk, either of miscarrying intirely, in case of any unprosperous stroke of fortune, or of seeing an affair procrastinated, that admitted of no delay; and perhaps his kingdom would have ended with the original inhabitants of Rome. The union which this prince devised between the two principal bodies in the state, by establishing the right of patronage; and his prudence in making friends and Roman citizens of all his vanquished enemies, are sufficient to give us an high idea of his profound and extensive policy. But what chiefly characterizes the genius of this founder of the most celebrated empire in the universe, is his forbidding the Romans to follow any other occupation than that of arms and agriculture: the liberal arts were left to slaves; a plain proof that he did not think so much of contributing to the happiness, as to the power and grandeur of the Romans.

The first inhabitants of Rome were a very proper people to promote the views of their founder. A multitude of young adventurers, free booters, fugitive slaves, insolvent debtors, and criminals, who escaped from punishment, and fled to him for refuge, were not so desirous of repose, as of new adventures: they looked upon Romulus not as their king, but as their chief and general; they considered Rome not as a town where they were to live in subjection to a monarch, and to laws, but as a camp, where they might have a conveniency for making excursions into the neighbouring country, and exercising their usual depredations. Romulus must have been pleased to see the bold and martial spirit of his people. War was the only way for him to procure riches, and dominions. Far from checking this martial spirit, it was his interest to excite and encourage it. There would have been an end of Rome, had he been satisfied with keeping its first inhabitants in a state of inaction. Either they would have quickly dispersed, each to return to his original

manner of life ; or, for want of an opportunity of exercising their activity on external objects, they would have destroyed themselves at home, by arming to their mutual destruction. Neither was it less dangerous, to assume too absolute an authority over them. Romulus should not have forgot, that the reason of their submitting to his command, was their aversion from dependance and subordination : either he forgot, or did not sufficiently attend to this circumstance, which was the cause of his untimely apotheosis.

Of all the successors of Romulus, Numa is the only one who did not busy himself in military pursuits. He was more capable of governing, than of founding a state. His whole ambition was to reign peaceably over a people, whose manners he wanted to soften by the great number of religious ceremonies which he instituted, and which were very readily embraced by the Romans. The familiarity which this prince pretended to have with the nymph Egeria, gave a great sanction to his institutions, and flattered the Romans, who were ever a superstitious people, from the same cause that made them fond of military glory. Their pride and their vanity induced them easily to believe, that the gods watched, in a particular manner, over the safety of their empire ; and that they were destined to command other nations. Such a persuasion would have been alone sufficient to make them perform great feats ; and no doubt but Numa's successors took particular care to confirm them in this notion, so proper to raise their martial ardour. This we see by the conduct of Tarquin the Proud, who persuaded them that a human head, which was found at Rome upon digging the foundations of a temple, foreshowed that this city was designed by heaven to be one day the head and mistress of Italy.

What might not have been expected from a people full of such notions of future grandeur ; a people who, of course, were strangers to any other than military glory ; and who, moreover, were indebted to a chain of circumstances for the increase of their empire ? Had Rome been surrounded by powerful states, she would have continued in her original impotence and obscurity. What probability was there, that she would ever have laid the foundations of her own greatness on their ruins ? What probability, that she could have formed so wild a design ? No plan can be deemed reasonable, if there is not a certain proportion between the cause, and the effect ; now there is no doubt, but in the supposition we are here making, there would be an intire disproportion. But we observed before, that at the time of the foundation of Rome, Italy was only an assemblage

of petty states ; a body formed of an infinite number of parts, ill connected, and ill put together. In those days they had no idea, at least in Italy, of that equilibrium of power, which has since been the object and study of governments. The policy of those remote times did not reach so far. Nations looked on with indifference, while their neighbours were over-run by other powers ; not reflecting, that to be neuter or inactive on those occasions, was lending arms against themselves, and suffering an enemy to acquire such strength, as must overpower them in the end. True it is, that we see a few instances of petty alliances against the Romans, formed by the people of Italy ; but, either they were all quickly dissolved, or they were ill-concerted, and worse supported ; or, in short, their endeavours proved fruitless. Italy should have formed more powerful associations ; the whole country, indeed, should have armed against Rome, or must have expected to be one day obliged to submit to her laws.*

To conclude : the translator has enriched the work with some geographical and critical notes, which greatly assist the unlearned reader, and contribute in rendering it one of the best and most entertaining epitomes of the Roman history we have seen.

ART. III. *An Essay on Bilious Fevers ; or, the History of a Bilious Epidemic Fever at Lausanne, in the Year 1755. By S. A. D. Tissot, M. D. Translated into English. 8vo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Wilson and Durham.*

A Judicious history of diseases, where the symptoms are carefully described in the manner they arise, every variation occasioned by external causes, and the force of medicines diligently marked, forms undoubtedly the most valuable part of practical physic. It were to be wished that this branch of the medical art allowed less range to the imagination, which frequently loves to indulge in the marvellous, where so fair an opportunity offers, and we are obliged to rest our belief wholly on the credit of the writer. Nothing can be easier than to compose histories and novels of diseases which never existed, and yet appear so natural, that we cannot deny our assent. Men of more ambition than practice, have turned this circumstance to their own advantage, and acquired the reputation of accurate observers, by relating a variety of nice little symptoms and discriminations, which had escaped all former writers. The voluminous transactions of our Royal Society, and of all the other institutions

institutions in Europe of a similar nature, furnish abundance of cases formed merely for the sake of some favourite hypothesis, for the gratification of vanity, of some private purpose, or perhaps with no other view than trying the credulity of those learned bodies. We have seen the same temperament of body, the same constitution of the air, the same regimen, and the same disease, described by different writers, in words and effect totally different. In fevers in particular, we have seen divisions, subdivisions, and distinctions without number, which serve rather to perplex than inform. Every writer has called that symptom of which himself was the first observer, the leading diagnostic of the distemper, insomuch that the number of criterions whereby to judge, destroys all power of judging.

Dr. Tissot has here favoured us with an octavo volume, upon the description, cause, and method of cure, of what he calls a bilious epidemic fever that appeared in Lausanne, a city of Switzerland, in the year 1755. To give this fever certain peculiarities, which may serve as an apology for publishing it, he seems to us to have culled symptoms from every other species of fever, and to have made this a miliary, ardent, nervous, intermitting, or any other kind of fever, as much as a bilious; and to prove that such symptoms may exist, he calls to witness Hippocrates, Celsus, the celebrated Huxham, the immortal Boerhaave, the famous Malpighi, the ingenious Tralles, the excellent Hoffman, the learned Van Swieten, the industrious Bonetus, with a hundred other learned, illustrious, immortal, and ineffable doctors, without regard to the disease they were describing, when they mentioned the symptom. Here we see the paroxysms and intervals of agues, the rigors, full pulse, parched skin, delirium, and universal heat of acute fevers; the flushings, transient chillnesses, clammy sweats, frequently the low, quick, and unequal pulse of nervous disorders; the eruptions of miliary, the cutaneous efflorescences of petechial, and the manifold grievous symptoms of putrid, malignant fevers; in a word, we almost persuade ourselves, that Dr. Tissot has classed his patients in all these different disorders, under one general species, to which he gives the name of the bilious Lausanne fever.

It may be worth while to peruse his sentiments upon the cause of this fever, and to what class it properly belongs. * I have seen many febrile distempers, and have perused many accurate histories of fevers; and the more I consider the subject in my own mind, the more I am persuaded, that all primary fevers, without any exception, are either intermittent, inflammatory, putrid, or compounded of these. Nor can any objection

jection to this doctrine be drawn from that enormous catalogue of fevers, which has indeed retarded the improvement of physick, but has not in the least, by heaven's blessing, increased the number of diseases. For the very same distemper has been often distinguished by different names; at other times, which is mostly the case, the name has been drawn from the symptoms without any regard to the cause, and this has introduced as many appellations, as there are found violent symptoms in febrile disorders. While, notwithstanding this, every body knows, that the same cause may produce innumerable symptoms, in appearance very different, according to the degree of its violence, the variety of its seat, the peculiar constitution of a patient, the difference of climate, season, and above all, the different methods of practice; and yet all these are to be destroyed by the same weapon: the words of the great Boerhaave, are very much to our purpose. 'It appears that these diseases, infinitely various if we regard their symptoms, do not spring from so complex an origin, nor do they require such a variety either in their remedies or method of cure.'

'It is easy to perceive that this epidemick disease of Lausanne, cannot belong to the class either of intermittent or inflammatory fevers, but that it was of the putrid kind: and our three species agree very well with the triple Syneches of the antients; one pituito-bilious, a second bilious, and the third atrabilious. For in all the patients we found the symptoms of a putrid ferment, or as the immortal Boerhaave chuses to call it, a spontaneous alcali, sometimes more, sometimes less exalted. The origin of such a cacochymy was threefold, 1. A retention of the perspirable matter, which is always of a putrescent nature, and by the laws of the human œconomy generally falls upon the intestines. 2. The relicks of animal food which has a natural tendency to putrefaction; and lastly the bile itself, 'which of all the humours most quickly turns putrid, so that as soon as any putrefaction arises in the primæ viæ, the bile is presently changed,' and whenever it has become putrid, it very quickly corrupts every thing else. Seeing then these three kinds of putrefaction agree perfectly in their effects, the diseases produced by them may not unjustly be termed bilious. 'For where any putrid humour has produced a volatile salt and caustic oil, it is called by the antients acrimonious bile;' and if we compare our epidemick with those which the best physicians have described under the title of bilious fevers, we shall presently discern the similarity; such are the hemitritei and tritophiæ of the antients; the mesenteric of the moderns, nay and all typhi, the lypiria, afodes, hungaric, gastric, and the ardent fever, all which, physicians

ficians have with one consent attributed to bile accumulated about the præcordia, and have cured with medicines of a quality contrary to bile. A bilious fever with a delirium, resembling ours, has been even described by Hippocrates, in his book *de Affectionibus*. Several like cases are found in his epidemics, and it will be entertaining to quote what we meet with in his book *de Prisca Medicina*. 'If there be an effusion of any bitter humour, which we commonly call yellow bile, what anxieties, heats, and debility ensue? What pains and fevers? and where acrimonious and eruginous humours prevail, what perturbations of mind do they produce? what shooting pains of the bowels and breast, and what depression of spirits?' If we have recourse to the short but elegant descriptions of the illustrious Gorter, we shall find our disease entirely similar to those which he deduces from morbid bile: 'A morbid humour, that is oily, saponaceous, sharp, heating, bitter, and of a yellow colour, is called bilious; this retained in the body creates loathing, nausea, putrid belching, a dry and bitter tongue, anxiety, bilious dysentery, shivering, watchings, a stupidity or delirium, head-ache, deafness, winking of the eyes, tremour, a quick or frequent pulse, a pungent heat, and the want of a crisis.' The celebrated Huxham, to whom upon many accounts physic has been so much obliged, has these words. 'In the month of August 1741, we had many putrid fevers (perhaps mesenteric) chiefly amongst the lower people and sailors, some attended with a high phrenzy, and these were by far the most quickly fatal. Such patients mostly had their bellies swelled and were costive; thus the morbid matter was retained in the bowels. It was particularly wonderful to observe the great quantities of atrabile evacuated upwards and downwards. Excellent observations are also to be found in L. Tralles his useful treatise on the inutility of absorbents. But the excellent F. Hoffman has, in my judgment best explained their generation. I presume it will be altogether acceptable to quote his words. 'Amongst distempers from bile, corrupted and mixed with the blood, particularly fevers, and those named bilious, deserve to be reckoned. And though fevers themselves generate bile, yet there is no doubt that they arise also from corrupted bile. We have for this doctrine the authority of Hippocrates. For in the first place it cannot be disputed, and we find also the consent of antiquity to it, that the proper seat and origin of most fevers, especially intermittent, ardent, and those called bilious, is in the first region of the body, about the præcordia, smaller intestines, cavities of the liver, spleen, pancreas, omentum; because in these parts the circulation of the blood is more slow, impurities are generated, and corrupt acrimonious humours flow from the pancreas

creas into the intestines, and not only excite the spasmodico-febrile complaints common in hypochondriac people, but fevers also: for the symptoms which usually accompany these fevers, begin generally in that region.' Who is ignorant of the symptoms of a spontaneous alcali pointed out by the great Boerhaave, and the excellent illustrations of his pupil. Among physicians who have treated of epidemick distempers, no body has described a disease more like to ours than the famous Walcarengi, a most successful physician at Cremona; it would be tedious to transcribe the symptoms; he ascribes its cause 'to the various tumults of outrageous bile; and at the same time to intestinal and pancreatick lymph of the worst qualities, which by adhering to the secreting ducts of the liver, partly the cystic, partly the sides and folds of the intestines, and the stomach itself, chiefly its lower orifice, corrugates in various ways its fibrils, and forces them into violent contractions by its strong irritation. Neither will the violence of the distemper appear surprising, as the bile was predominant in it, for this humour being from its own nature more easily set in motion, more active and penetrating, wherever it is confined, greatly distends the parts, and by its strong ebullitions irritates, vellicates, lacerates, and excites a more ardent fever and more acute pains, by forcing the component fibrils of the solids into more violent vibrations.'

'It now seems to appear very plain, from what we have advanced, that the true cause of the epidemick distemper at Lausanne was a putrid, alcalescent, and bilious humour, endowed with a greater or less degree of acrimony, having its seat in, and irritating the stomach, smaller intestines, particularly the duodenum, liver, gall bladder and ducts, mesentery and the other contents of the abdomen; and by length of time, strength of the disease, or bad management infecting at last all the humours, as is manifest from the history of the disease.'

After dividing his bilious fever into three species, to the first of which boys, women, and old men were only liable; to the second we know not who, for he only says, 'that old men escaped it;' and of the third, only young men from 15 to 40 were the subjects: he then proceeds to the method of curing each, with the same prolixity and ostentation of learning. There are, however, some excellent practical remarks upon the effects of the different medicines commonly used in bilious disorders; and the following canons well deserve the notice of every medical reader.

'The idea of a putrid fever is this. Every putrid humour is acrimonious, and thus stimulates the sensible and irritable parts; from hence there is a two-fold cause for morbid motions, among
which

which a fever is to be placed. The putrefaction and fever relax the solids, which produces a new cause of disorders. A putrid humour is unfit for nutrition, and this is a third source of diseases.

‘ Death follows in these distempers; if the fever arrives at that pitch which is incompatible with life; if the putrefaction infects the mass of blood to such a degree, that an entire stop is put to nutrition, while there is a continued wasting; if any vital function is totally interrupted; if a gangrene seizes the internal parts, for from a gangrene follows debility and death.

‘ Putrid diseases are either universal, if the putrefaction has equally infected almost all the humours, and these are called malignant; or they are gastric, if the morbid matter is principally situated in the abdomen. There are several humours in the abdomen susceptible of putrefaction, nor is the corruption of them all equally pernicious, and for that reason all putrid gastric fevers are not alike violent; no corruption is worse than that of the bile, and the fevers generated by it are the worst of them all.

‘ The same method of cure is required in all of them, and therefore he who knows how to cure the bilious fever will treat all the others very properly. Our first species, as I said before, can hardly be reckoned among the bilious, and affords some appearance of variation in the method of cure.

‘ Gastric fevers are either simply putrid, or at the same time inflammatory. In the latter, bleeding is sometimes necessary, and the evacuations are to be postponed till the inflammation is removed.

‘ In putrid fevers, where there is no inflammation, as well the universal as the gastric, phlebotomy is hurtful, as also all oily substances, even emulsions, all relaxing, septic acrimonious and narcotick medicines, nourishing and succulent foods. Diuretics are hurtful in putrid gastric disorders, for they increase the fever; interrupt the intestinal discharges, bring on a delirium, general putrefaction, malignity, purple spots, and after these death.

‘ The diet ought to be more or less thin, according to the degree of the disease: and to consist always of acescent vegetables, farinaceous substances, greens or fruits. Let butter be avoided. Broth may be made of chickens or young hens.

‘ Let the first step be vomiting and purging; the cure will be compleated by antiseptick drink, and purging repeated either now and then, or every day, but let that be promoted

gently

gently by means of acесcent laxatives, or the emetick tartar diluted plentifully in an aqueous vehicle. At times it is expedient to purge a little more strongly, if the symptoms shew that the humours are more viscid and concocted with difficulty; but where their tendency to motion is greater, daily but mild purging is better, lest by delay the malignity of the humour be increased, or it be absorbed.

* Clysters are not of so much use here as in inflammatory cases, where the more frequently they are given, so much the better; but in bilious diseases the repeated use of emollients would do harm, and I hardly ever ordered any but such as were purging, particularly with catholicon. Often in the beginning they did little good; towards the end they succeeded admirably by bringing away copious stools.

* Whoever would attempt to cure the symptoms any otherwise than by the general method, would ruin all.

* The infirmities produced by debility are cured by select medicines given regularly in their proper time, exercise, and country air. The remedies whose nature we have explained are seldom requisite.

* Remaining obstructions of the viscera, particularly the liver, are removed by vegetable soaps; such are succory, grass, honey, milk-whey, and butter milk. They grow worse if recourse is had too soon to opening, acrimonious, and stimulating medicines. Alkaline soaps improperly given, bring on a putrid cacochymy: yet I have sometimes used with success the alkaline mineral waters in a small dose for four or five days. When the obstructions are removed, a relapse is prevented by strengtheners.

* All the differences between countries produce no difference in the method of cure, whatever noise ignorant men make on that article. From these varieties it happens that some distempers are more frequent in one, and some in another; but wherever the same disease occurs, the same method of cure is necessary in all countries. The method by which Hippocrates cured bilious fevers is the same with that used in England and Germany, Walcarenghi employed the same at Cremona, Mercatus, Heredia, and Zacutus, in Spain and Portugal; the same has succeeded with me, and will succeed always, in all ages and climates.

On the whole, the translator seems to have discharged his duty; and this performance of Dr. Tissot's would shew great reading, application, and good sense, were it not unnecessarily clogged and obscured with scraps and remnants torn from all the physical writers he ever perused, and tacked on with all the clumsy industry of a half German, half Dutch artist.

ART. IV. *Lectures on select Subjects in Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, and Optics : With the Use of the Globes, the Art of Dialling, and the Calculation of the Mean Times of New and Full Moons and Eclipses.* By James Ferguson. 8vo. Pr. 7s. 6d. Millar.

THERE is something so bewitching in experimental philosophy, that we cannot be surprized at the assiduous application of the moderns, or the rapid progress they have made in this delightful branch of science. No other kind of study so much flatters our vanity, or gives such boundless scope to human curiosity : it charms with novelty, and continually opens new paths to discoveries, pleasing, because they are the fruits of our own genius. Hence it is, that natural philosophy seems, of all studies, the best calculated to draw forth the latent powers of intellect, and that men have succeeded here, whose utmost endeavours were mispent on other parts of science. Insensible to the beauty of moral truths, blind to the force of geometrical demonstration, unmoved by syllogisms, and dead to the abstracted refinements of metaphysics, they have pursued eagerly this kind of knowledge, become adepts in it, reasoned with closeness, disclosed a fertile source of mechanical invention, and, at length, acquired a taste for sciences and arts, to which before they vainly applied themselves. For this reason we would recommend it to the instructors of youth, to initiate their pupils early in the elements of experimental philosophy and mathematics, as the best foundation for the Encyclopædia, the whetter of genius, and the Syren that attracts and fetters the most wavering attention.

It was the advice of an antient sage, that blockheads should be taught geometry ; nor was this meant to depreciate the science, tho' witlings, unable to comprehend its beauty, made that application. On the contrary, it implied the highest encomium, and meant that geometry possessed the power of opening the understanding, charming the attention, and strengthening the intellectual faculties beyond all other mental employments. Nothing could be remoter from his intention, than insinuating, that parts too dull for polite learning were capable of figuring in this province. Newton and Descartes have displayed powers of fancy, and fertility of invention, equal to those of Homer and Virgil. A system of natural philosophy, or a geometrical problem fraught with beautiful corollaries, perhaps, surpasses an epic poem in variety of incident and force of genius. Imagination is combined with the utmost reach of thought ; one principle,

ciple, arising from the mere workings of fancy, becomes the parent of numberless truths, which, like the poets episodes, diversify, illustrate, and embellish the original principle. To speak our sentiments freely, however they may differ with those of other men, we are of opinion, that the geometrician, or natural philosopher, possesses all the essential qualities of a poet, abstracting from the powers of language; nay, that in the true sense of the word, he is the greatest of poets, his subject being of superior dignity, and the necessary talents similar. Whoever considers with due attention the stupendous structure Newton has erected on the *inertia* and attraction of matter, cannot but confess, that in fancy, and creative power, he has rivalled Homer himself, and given as regular, uniform, and complete a poem in the *Principia*, as the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, or *Paradise Lost*.

The manner in which Mr. Ferguson, the ingenious author of these lectures, has attained his knowledge, is a remarkable proof of what we have been saying of the charms of natural philosophy, and its influence on the mind. At an age when other men have passed through the circle of education, he was wholly illiterate. From a mechanical turn, he applied himself first to experimental philosophy, in which he made surprising advances, and then to other parts of literature, the paths to which were smoothed by the clearness of conception, and steadiness of attention, he acquired in his philosophical researches. At present he is one of the best of our writers upon this subject, his works being particularly well adapted to the capacity of those who have made but little proficiency in geometry. His language is pure, his ideas clear, and the illustrations and plates simple and ingenious. In this work we have the mechanical powers explained in a very satisfactory manner, and a great number of curious remarks interspersed, and engines described, of which the author has made models; particularly of M. Vauloue's curious engine for driving the piles of Westminster bridge. We are favoured with many sensible observations on wheel carriages, and mills of different kinds. Among the hydraulic engines, we find that ingenious contrivance for forcing water through cylindrical tubes, by means of fire; the principles of which our author explains thus:

' 1. Whatever weight of water is to be raised, the pump-rod must be loaded with weights sufficient for that purpose, if it be done by a forcing-pump, as is generally the case: and the power of the engine must be sufficient for the weight of the rod, in order to bring it up.

2. It is known, that the atmosphere presses upon the surface of the earth with a force equal to 15 pounds upon every square inch.

3. When water is heated to a certain degree, the particles thereof repel one another, and constitute an elastic fluid, which is generally called *steam* or *vapour*.

4. Hot steam is very elastic; and when it is cooled by any means, particularly by its being mixed with cold water, its elasticity is destroyed immediately, and it is reduced to water again.

5. If a vessel be filled with hot steam, and then closed so, as to keep out the external air, and all other fluids; when that steam is by any means condensed, cooled, or reduced to water, *that* water will fall to the bottom of the vessel; and the cavity of the vessel will be almost a perfect vacuum.

6. Whenever a vacuum is made in any vessel, the air by its weight will endeavour to rush into the vessel, or to drive in any other body that will give way to its pressure; as may be easily seen by a common syringe. For, if you stop the bottom of a syringe, and then draw up the piston, if it be so tight as to drive out all the air before it, and leave a vacuum within the syringe, the piston being let go, will be drove down with a great force.

7. The force with which the piston is drove down, when there is a vacuum under it, will be as the square of the diameter of the bore in the syringe. That is to say, it will be driven down with four times as much force in a syringe of a two inch bore, as in a syringe of one inch: for the areas of circles are always as the squares of their diameters.

8. The pressure of the atmosphere being equal to 15 pounds upon every square inch, it will be equal to about 12 pounds upon every circular inch. So that if the bore of the syringe be round, and one inch in diameter, the piston will be prest down into it by a force nearly equal to 12 pounds: but if the bore be 2 inches diameter, the piston will be prest down with 4 times that force.

And hence it is easy to find with what force the atmosphere presses upon any given number either of square or circular inches.

These being the principles upon which this engine is constructed, we shall next describe the chief working parts of it: which are, 1. A boiler. 2. A cylinder and piston. 3. A beam or lever.

The *boiler* is a large vessel, generally made of iron or copper; and commonly so big, as to contain about 2000 gallons.

The

• The *cylinder* is made about 40 inches diameter, bored so smooth, and its piston fitting so close, that little or no water can get between the piston and the sides of the cylinder.

• Things being thus prepared, the cylinder is placed upright, and the shank of the piston is fixed to one end of the *beam*, which turns on a center like a common balance.

• The boiler is placed under the cylinder, with a communication between them, which can be opened and shut occasionally.

• The boiler is filled about half full of water, and a strong fire is made under it: then, if the communication between the boiler and the cylinder be opened, the cylinder will be filled with hot steam; which would drive the piston quite out at the top of it. But there is a contrivance by which the piston, when it is near the top of the cylinder, shuts the communication at the top of the boiler within.

• This is no sooner shut, than another is opened, by which a little cold water is thrown upwards in a jet into the cylinder, which mixing with the hot steam, condenses it immediately; by which means a vacuum is made in the cylinder, and the piston is pressed down by the weight of the atmosphere; and so lifts up the loaded pump-rod at the other end of the beam.

• If the cylinder be 42 inches in diameter, the piston will be pressed down with a force greater than 20000 pounds, and will consequently lift up that weight at the opposite end of the beam; and as the pump-rod with its plunger is fixed to that end, if the bore where the plunger works were 10 inches diameter, the water would be forced up through a pipe of 180 yards perpendicular height.

• But as the parts of this engine have a good deal of friction, and must work with a considerable velocity, and there is no such thing as making a perfect vacuum in the cylinder, it is found that no more than 8 pounds of pressure must be allowed for, on every circular inch of the piston in the cylinder, that it may make about 16 strokes in a minute, about 6 feet each.

• Where the boiler is very large, the piston will make between 20 and 25 strokes in a minute, and each stroke 7 or 8 feet; which, in a pump of 9 inches bore, will raise upwards of 300 hogsheds of water in an hour.

• It is found by experience that a cylinder, 40 inches diameter, will work a pump 10 inches diameter, and 100 yards long: and hence we can find the diameter and length of a pump, that can be worked by any other cylinder.

• For the conveniency of those who would make use of this engine for raising water, we shall subjoin part of a table calculated by Mr. Beighton, shewing how any given quantity of water may be raised in an hour, from 48 to 440 hogsheds; at

any given depth, from 15 to 100 yards ; the machine working at the rate of 16 strokes *per* minute, and each stroke being 6 feet long.'

Besides the foregoing, several useful hydrostatical tables, calculating the pressure of water upon engines, are exhibited. The following extract, shewing the specific gravity of bodies, may prove entertaining and new to some of our readers.

' The art of weighing different bodies in water, and thereby finding their specific gravities, or weights, bulk for bulk, was invented by Archimedes; of which, we have the following account.

' *Hiero* king of *Syracuse*, having employed a goldsmith to make a crown, and given him a mass of pure gold for that purpose, suspected that the workman had kept back part of the gold for his own use. and made up the weight by allaying the crown with copper. But the king not knowing how to find out the truth of that matter, referred it to *Archimedes*; who having studied a long time in vain, found it out at last by chance. For, going into a bathing tub of water, and observing that he thereby raised the water higher in the tub than it was before, he concluded instantly that he had raised it just as high as any thing else could have done, that was exactly of his bulk: and considering that any other body of equal weight, and of less bulk than himself, could not have raised the water so high as he did; he immediately told the king, that he had found a method by which he could discover whether there were any cheat in the crown. For, since gold is the heaviest of all known metals, it must be of less bulk, according to its weight, than any other metal. And therefore, he desired that a mass of pure gold, equally heavy with the crown when weighed in air, should be weighed against it in water; and if the crown was not allayed, it would counterpoise the mass of gold when they were both immersed in water, as well as it did when they were weighed in air. But upon making the trial, he found that the mass of gold weighed much heavier in water than the crown did. And not only so, but that, when the mass and crown were immersed separately in one vessel of water, the crown raised the water much higher than the mass did; which shewed it to be allayed with some lighter metal that increased its bulk. And so, by making trials with different metals, all equally heavy with the crown when weighed in air, he found out the quantity of allay in the crown.

' The specific gravities of bodies are as their weights, bulk for bulk; thus, a body is said to have two or three times the
specific

specific gravity of another, when it contains two or three times as much matter in the same space.

‘ A body immersed in a fluid will sink to the bottom, if it be heavier than its bulk of the fluid. If it be suspended therein, it will lose as much of what it weighed in air, as its bulk of the fluid weighs. Hence, all bodies of equal bulk, which would sink in fluids, lose equal weights when suspended therein. And unequal bodies lose in proportion to their bulks.

‘ The *hydrostatic balance* differs very little from a common balance that is nicely made: only it has a hook at the bottom of each scale, on which small weights may be hung by horse-hairs, or by silk threads. So that a body, suspended by the hair or thread, may be immersed in water without wetting the scale from which it hangs.

‘ If the body thus suspended under the scale, at one end of the balance, be first counterpoised in air by weights in the opposite scale, and then immersed in water, the equilibrium will be immediately destroyed. Then, if as much weight be put into the scale from which the body hangs, as will restore the equilibrium (without altering the weights in the opposite scale) that weight which restores the equilibrium, will be equal to the weight of a quantity of water as big as the immersed body. And if the weight of the body in air be divided by what it loses in water, the quotient will shew how much that body is heavier than its bulk of water. Thus, if a guinea suspended in air, be counterbalanced by 129 grains in the opposite scale of the balance; and then, upon its being immersed in water, it becomes so much lighter, as to require $7\frac{1}{4}$ grains put into the scale over it, to restore the equilibrium, it shews that a quantity of water, of equal bulk with the guinea, weighs $7\frac{1}{4}$ grains, or 7.25; by which divide 129, (the aerial weight of the guinea) and the quotient will be 17.793; which shews that the guinea is 17.793 times heavier than its bulk of water. And thus, any piece of gold may be tried, by weighing it first in air and then in water; and if upon dividing the weight in air by the loss in water, the quotient comes out to be 17.793, the gold is good; if the quotient be 18, or between 18 and 19, the gold is very fine; but if it be less than $17\frac{1}{2}$, the gold is too much allayed, by being mixed with some other metal.

‘ If silver be tried in this manner, and found to be 11 times heavier than water, it is very fine; if it be $10\frac{1}{2}$ times heavier, it is standard; but if it be of any less weight compared with water, it is mixed with some lighter metal, such as tin.

‘ By this method, the specific gravities of all bodies that will sink in water, may be found. But as to those which are lighter than water, as most sorts of wood are; the following method

may be taken, to shew how much lighter they are than their respective bulks of water.

' Let an upright stud be fixed into a thick flat piece of brass, and in this stud let a small lever, whose arms are equally long, turn upon a fine pin as an axis. Let the thread which hangs from the scale of the balance be tied to one end of the lever, and a thread from the body to be weighed; tied to the other end. This done, put the brass and lever into a vessel; then pour water into the vessel, and the body will rise and float upon it, and draw down the end of the balance from which it hangs: then, put as much weight in the opposite scale as will raise that end of the balance, so as to pull the body down into the water by means of the lever; and this weight in the scale will shew how much the body is lighter than its bulk of water.

' There are some things which cannot be weighed in this manner, such as quicksilver, fragments of diamonds, &c. because they cannot be suspended in threads; and must therefore be put into a glass bucket, hanging by a thread from the hook of one scale, and counterpoised by weights put into the opposite scale. Thus, suppose you want to know the specific gravity of quicksilver, with respect to that of water; let the empty bucket be first counterpoised in air, and then the quicksilver put into it and weighed. Write down the weight of the bucket, and also of the quicksilver; which done, empty the bucket, and let it be immersed in water as it hangs by the thread, and counterpoised therein by weights in the opposite scale: then, pour the quicksilver into the bucket in the water, which will cause it to preponderate; and put as much weight into the scale as will restore the balance to an equipoise; and this weight will be the weight of a quantity of water equal in bulk to the quicksilver. Lastly, divide the weight of the quicksilver in air by the weight of its bulk of water, and the quotient will shew how much the quicksilver is heavier than its bulk of water.

' If a piece of brass, glass, lead, or silver, be immersed and suspended in different sorts of fluids, its different losses of weight therein will shew how much it is heavier than its bulk of the fluid; *that* fluid being the lightest, in which the immersed body loses least of its aerial weight. A solid bubble of glass is generally used for finding the specific gravities of fluids.

' Hence we have an easy method of finding the specific gravities both of solids and fluids, with regard to their respective bulks of common pump water, which is generally made a standard for comparing all the others by.'

In the lectures on pneumatics and optics there is nothing new, and, indeed, but little in any of the preceding; their
chief

chief recommendation consisting in the simplicity of the experiments. This affectation of rendering himself obvious and plain to every understanding, has led Mr. Ferguson into some errors, and false illustrations, as may be seen in his explanation of the principles of the wedge, of central forces, and of tides, on the particulars of which we cannot enter without diagrams, and more room than our limits will admit.

Subsequent to the foregoing lectures, we find a description of the use of the terrestrial and celestial globes, of the armillary sphere, and the principles of dialling, laid down in a very intelligible and distinct manner; to which are annexed very ingenious tables, shewing the sun's place and declination in degrees and minutes, at the noon of every day, after the second year of leap year, which is a mean between those of leap year itself, and the first and third years after. The volume concludes with tables and examples for the calculation of new and full moons, tables of mean lunations, of the mean motions of the sun and moon from the ascending node of the latter, with examples and tables to find the period and return of eclipses. On the whole, we have not seen a more useful and entertaining compendium of experimental philosophy than this, which may be read without almost any previous knowledge of geometry, and with little more assistance than the rules of common arithmetic and decimals.

ART. V. *A Treatise on the Gout: from the French of M. Charles Louis Liger, M. D. Professor of Physic in the University of Paris.* 8vo. Pr. 5s. Griffiths.

NUMBERLESS are the volumes written upon this disease, which has hitherto baffled all the endeavours of physic and philosophy. It has furnished more opportunities for the exertion of genius and talents formed for observation or conjecture, than any other malady incident to the human body; yet still there remains open a spacious field of inquiry for the curious. True indeed it may appear to some, that the subject is exhausted in these profound lucubrations of the ingenious Doctor Liger; yet we fear that his system, round, and hard, and solid as it is, will thaw before the fire of some future genius; or phoenix-like, supply only the *nidus* and *pubulum* of a new hypothesis raised out of its ashes.

After clearing the ground, and pulling every thing down that obstructed his view, or impeded his design, the enterprizing

ing Frenchman lays a new foundation for the gout, upon which we shall bestow a few remarks, as soon as we have given our readers an abstract of it. But it may be necessary first to take notice of his modest insinuation, that Hippocrates, Galen, *Ætius*, Oribasus, Trallianus, Fernelius, Sydenham, Boerhaave, in a word, all the ancients and moderns who ever wrote, knew nothing at all of the matter; the glory of having discovered the causes and methods of curing this excruciating distemper, being reserved for our author. It is pleasant to observe the review and refutation he has given of their sentiments, in a manner that would puzzle the clearest-sighted among them, to lay claim again to their own opinions. Can any thing be more accurate and judicious than this reflection, with which he winds up the doctrine of Hippocrates. 'One reflection still remains to be made on this author's *method* of cure, which I very much approve, namely, that he allows very different remedies to be made use of, and strongly exhorts to the prosecution of those which appear to have been successful. This induces me to think that in his time, experience, and observation had not yet ascertained what were the most proper remedies for curing this distemper; perhaps it was not then very common, nor might the cause of the disease be truly known.' How strange is this! Hippocrates exhorts to the use of remedies known to be successful; yet our author conjectures from hence, that experience had not yet ascertained proper remedies. This is ascribing a blunder to the Greek sage, which ignorance herself might blush at in one of her children. But is it really Dr. Liger who puts this absurdity in the mouth of Hippocrates; or rather is it not the profound Mrs. G——hs, whose indefatigable application to the business of criticism, has somewhat impaired her faculties, and brought her prematurely to the dotage of literature. Let us, however, wave all cavilling, and proceed to the doctrine of our author.

Dr. Liger's first position is, that the gout is both endemial and epidemical, notwithstanding we find it in every country in Europe, and under every variety of air and external circumstances. The cause he asserts to consist in the use of made liquors and aliments, which contain too great an abundance of mucilage, which alone, in his opinion, accounts for all the phenomena of the gout. 'All aliments, says he, contain a greater or lesser quantity of mucilage; those also which contain the most are more nutritive than those which contain less. This mucilage appears to be the vehicle of the nutritive particles, that is, of the particles which are to be assimilated, so as either to become organical parts of our bodies, or, at least, to contribute

bute to their support and increase. This mucilaginous matter is of very easy digestion, and can only hurt by its superabundance, which occasions an inspissation in the mass of humours, or in the blood in general. This inspissation is more considerable in the fibrous or lymphatic parts, with which it has most analogy, than in any other.

‘ When this inspissation is become such as to obstruct the circulation of the blood, nature herself endeavours to throw off the incumbrance. The circulation, after being for some time impeded, becomes swifter; the secretions are increased, and especially in the present case, those of the synovial glands; the superabundance deposits itself there, the diameters of the vessels belonging to those articulations being proportioned to this humour; and because there is doubtless in the synovial glands a particular mechanism for this secretion; as there is in the kidneys for the secretion of the urine, and another in the liver for the bile; as may be readily conceived, seeing the humour secreted by the synovial glands is purely mucilaginous.

‘ Hence it appears that the gout is occasioned merely by a superabundance of lymph, too much inspissated by mucilaginous substances, which nature generally endeavours to free herself from, and this it performs by a kind of depuration.’

The sum of his whole chapter upon this subject is, ‘ that the *germ* of the gout, both acquired and hereditary, is an inspissation of the blood, especially of the lymphatic part, which is of a mucilaginous nature; that this germ is not sufficient to produce a fit, without the concurrence of a superabundance; and this superabundance not *imbued with any virulence*, as otherwise it would produce a very different distemper. Yet the superabundance of humours will never give the gout, without the gouty germ exists at the same time. Of this the persons addicted to the greatest excesses, without being invaded by the gout, are a convincing proof; though, on the other hand, these excesses bring on more terrible and more dangerous distempers than the gout itself.’

To own the truth, this is a doctrine we do not clearly comprehend. In one place we see the mucilaginous lymph, the sole cause of the gout, and a superabundance only a concurring circumstance. In another a gouty germ of we know not what, must impregnate the mucilaginous lymph, before it is capable of producing the gout, whether acquired or hereditary. What is this gouty germ? Does it arise from the virulence contracted by the stagnated humours, or is it conveyed into the body by infection, in the acquired gout? In the first instance,

instance, the progress of the gout would be gradual, and the first paroxysm rise to a greater height by gentle degrees, in proportion as the humours grew more virulent from long stagnation, and the supervening inflammation: but this is contrary to experience, as the patient feels the greatest pain and heat during the first night of the distemper. In the other case, the gout would be contagious, which is equally contrary to experience.

The next chapter was certainly wrote with a political view, to extol the French wines, particularly Burgundy and Champagne, which Dr. Liger does not scruple recommending, as the surest preservatives against the gout. It is only your liquors of low price, that add but little to the revenues of France, and your Spanish, Portuguese, and Greek wines, which communicate this distemper. In a word, to such a rage of patriotism is this ingenious writer carried, that he stickles not to affirm, that thin, weak, and sour wines contain a larger proportion of mucilage, than the stronger bodied, and are consequently more liable to bring on the gout; and yet he allows that the great, and persons living in affluence, who drink only the latter, are more subject to the disease, than the poor, who can arrive at most but at the former, or perhaps beer, a more mucilaginous liquor than any wine whatever.

In enumerating the diagnostics of the gout, our author takes notice of one, which it is surprising should have escaped the observation of all former practitioners, especially as it immediately indicates the cause and method of cure. This is no other than a mucilaginous transudation, all round the part affected; a viscous, fizy, pellucid exsudation peculiar to this distemper, and inseparable from it. From this appearance, neither the physician or patient can ever be at a loss to distinguish the gout from every other distemper, or accidental wrench or hurt; though, unfortunately for English physicians, they have often found the skin round the affected part, dry, tense, hot, and hard, without any of that lubricating, soft mucilage here described. A little after, indeed, our author has seen gouts where the transpired matter round the disordered part was fluid, *tenuous*, and of a consistence very different from the former, containing a great quantity of water in a small volume, just as our author, or more probably his translator, has contained a great quantity of nonsense in a small volume.

The method of cure laid down is of three kinds; either when the fit is occasioned by a real superabundance of gouty humour; or when it is partly caused by a superabundance of the

the humours in general; or lastly, when it proceeds from a false superabundance of the gouty humour; a cause which our author would do well to explain. In the first case, bleeding, on the first appearance of the fit, if the gout be simple and uncompounded, is prescribed. Diluents, clysters, light food, but if the last, Burgundy or Champagne are ordered. Opiates may be taken with caution, to assuage the pain, and procure sleep, weak purgatives preferred to strong, and the *juncus odoratus* recommended as a diaphoretic, though in England the *sweet-rush* is supposed to possess no medicinal quality, and is deemed an useless ingredient in the mithridate and theriaca. In the second species of cause, first, sudorifics are to be administered, and these to be succeeded by purgatives, to which two remedies the whole treatment may be confined, except where bleeding is found necessary. As to the third cause of the gout; namely, from a false superabundance, we have the following curious recipe: 'If the fit has been brought on by a sudden gust of passion, I know nothing better than common small lemonade, made by slicing a lemon, and infusing it in about two quarts of water, and sweetened with a little sugar, pouring it briskly several times from one vessel into another.'

As to topical applications, of whatever kind, they are almost totally rejected, and perhaps in many instances with good reason. The following case deserves notice: 'On the 14th of May 1749, I was consulted by a gentlewoman of about forty-six years of age, who had been subject to the regular gout from her thirty-seventh year, of a strong but phlegmatic constitution, and who had never indulged herself in any excess. Her fits had hitherto been only the most simple; but vexed and fretful at being afflicted with this distemper so undeservedly, she consulted all except physicians; and all, as is too common, were very liberal of their advice. She embraced that given her by a person, who persuaded her that her gout was occasioned by a coldness in her feet, to which she was very subject, so as even to feel it for a considerable time after she was in bed; but that it might be easily removed, by causing a globular vessel of tin, filled with hot water, to be put in her bed, for by this means her feet would be kept in a proper degree of heat, and effectually prevent all gouty symptoms. The patient made use of this remedy during the winter of 1749, and passed the month of February without any regular fit, though they constantly used to attack her at that time; but the uvula, the basis of the tongue, together with all the internal and posterior parts of the mouth, became gradually so obstructed, that
by

by the first of March she was no longer able to swallow either fluids or solids, without long convulsions; by which means she was reduced to support life by only an ounce of bread, and an equal quantity of wine, so that she was terribly emaciated. She little imagined that her disease was an irregular and repelled gout, having too good an opinion of this remedy, to imagine it could produce such terrible consequences.

Our author allows, however, that some external applications have their use; for instance, the urine of a child something under ten years of age; and he might have added, with as much reason, the limpid stream flowing from a beauteous virgin of sixteen. Nor is the beauty of the damsel to be neglected, however ludicrous it may appear; for it is unconceivable how much the virtues of the water are thereby augmented, the imagination fired, the spirits put in motion, the circulation enforced, and consequently the humours attenuated, obstructions removed, perspiration increased, and finally the patient enabled to take up his bed and walk.

To secure the patient against fresh attacks, more active medicines than the urine of a child are thought necessary. Resinous purgatives, and the diaphoretic *sweet rush*, are again recommended; or the following form; *R. diagrad. gr. iiij. jalap. g. viij. ipecac. gr. ij. vel j. pulv. sen. gr. xv. rhubarb. gr. x. Reduc. in pulv. et add. q. s. syr. spin. cervin. f. pillula. Capiat sing. diebus.* Several other forms to much the same effect are prescribed; and the utility of a milk diet wholly set aside. In its stead, and in the room of every other medicine, the medicinal soup, compounded of a pure alkaline salt, prepared with quick-lime, and very pure oil of olives, is recommended as a true specific: indeed, whatever contains a large proportion of salts, whether animal or vegetable, is highly extolled in this disorder. Upon the whole, Dr. Liger seems to be a better writer than practitioner, had his translator done him common justice. Many of his opinions are ingenious enough, though they will neither stand the test of criticism or experience. He appears to be but a superficial chemist, though it was particularly necessary he should be an adept, to support his doctrine and assertions, so contrary to the received notions in physic; in one word, we perused his book with considerable satisfaction, but we will follow his prescriptions with caution.

ART. VI. *A New Estimate of Manners and Principles; Being a Comparison between Antient and Modern Times, in the three Great Articles of Knowledge, Happiness, and Virtue; both with Respect to Mankind at large, and to this Kingdom in particular.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. Millar.

SHOULD it enter into the brain of a phlegmatic alderman to open Pindar, it is probable he would regard the flights of that poet as the extravagancies of a disturbed imagination, and his admirers as the dupes of prejudice and superstitious veneration for antiquity. From the very first line he would conclude him a milk-sop, and prefer the pertness of a *Marriot*, or the solid dullness of a *Richmond Groves*, to the impetuous fire and luxuriant fancy of the *Greek*. Dead to all sensibility, and the warm emotions of the heart, vainly should we strive to give his tasteless soul a relish of the beauties, or convince him that genius ever existed out of the counting-house, or taste out of Billingsgate and Leadenhall-market. We should equally mispend our time, and lose our labour, should we attempt to communicate feelings, which nature denied to this new estimator of manners, who seems fraught with too much conceit and academical sufficiency to think with the rest of mankind. When we took up the book, we expected to have met with an answer to Dr. B——'s *Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times*; but no such matter: our author goes farther, and proves irrefragably, that the antients were but pigmies in history, poetry, oratory, ethics, war, and what not, to the moderns; giving the most persuasive instances of this in his own performance, in which, like Longinus, *he is himself the great sublime he draws*. The intention of his work will best appear from his own words.

‘The end then proposed in the present treatise, which I have ventured to lay before you (dean of Lincoln) and the publick, is, first of all, to ‘vindicate the ways of God to men,’ by opening to their view, in some degree, a regular plan of his proceedings with them; from which I hope to make it appear, that there has been a continual tendency to the better in all human affairs. The manner in which I have attempted to do this, is by making the fairest estimate I could, both of those principles, under which mankind seem to have acted at different periods of their existence; and also of those manners which have characterized the several ages of the world.’

He begins this Estimate with assigning certain reasons, ‘why men have been generally of opinion, that the world is growing worse;’

worse ;' and, among other causes takes in the practice of the poets, ' which has ever been uniform in favour of early times ; the necessary simplicity, frugality, and temperance of which, have been the finest subjects imaginable for them to display their fancy upon, when they had a mind to paint the virtues of mankind, and give us the picture of a golden age : whereas, on the other hand, all their satyr has necessarily been always pointed at times present ; which, otherwise, would lose its edge and poignancy.

' It is for this reason, that the writers, of Farce and Comedy only, present us with living characters ; whereas the Tragedians, and Epic poets travel in search of their's into the remotest antiquity : for, it being the business of the first to represent men, as they are, with a large mixture of imperfection always, and often of ridicule belonging to them ; their end is best answered by giving us such descriptions, as are most suitable to what we daily see, and converse with. But the aim of the other being to represent men, as they neither do, nor ever did exist ; to give us certain complete patterns of virtue and perfection ; they must needs endeavour to lay their scenes at as great a distance, as they can, that the improbability may not shock us too much by an immediate comparison ; and the farther they get out of sight, for this reason, the better it is ; for their characters being merely, or in a great measure, fictitious, if they did not throw them much into shade, the imposition would be too visible and glaring : being thus forced to have recourse to antiquity, they have taken care amply to repay the assistance, they derived from it, by bestowing upon it in return the highest encomiums they could.

' This, however, we may observe, is as true of those we call antients, as of the moderns ; for though Aristophanes, Terence, and Moliere, all present us with characters of the times, in which they wrote ; yet Sophocles and Euripides no more describe the actions of the living heroes, than Shakespear or Corneille.

' It may be worth notice here, in passing, that though all these authors describe characters of past ages, yet they must be supposed to have drawn their ideas of those virtues, which they deck them out with, from the age, in which they themselves lived. If this be true, how infinitely do the moderns excel the antients ; through whose solemn scenes, there stalks a certain stubborn heroic kind of virtue, armed with a few principles of justice and moral rectitude, and attended by a set of stage decorums ; but whose stern countenance banishes all those milder graces, that affect the heart, that force the involuntary sigh,

sigh, and teach the reluctant tear to flow? These will in vain be sought for in the antient drama; where the tragedies have scarce any other marks of being such, but a few *αι αι, φευ φευ*'s occasionally dispersed about in them; and the actors in general are merely a sect of unfeeling buskined philosophers; who deliver in a tedious unaffecting kind of dialogue their imperfect maxims to be commented upon by the chorus; whose business it is to prevent either their being moved themselves, or moving you; for which indeed there generally seems but little occasion for them to exert much care.

‘ The most pity-moving character of any I remember among them, is that of Electra; but compare that, as described by either of the poets, with the gentle Elfrida; and you will soon perceive, how far beyond what the antients ever knew, the moderns have carried all the milder virtues of humanity, that delicacy of sentiment, that tenderness of disposition, and soft complacency, which are the peculiar characteristics of a refinement in manners.

‘ Hitherto I have only mentioned the tragedians, but the epic poets have also availed themselves of the same advantage: nor can I in the least doubt, but that a great part of that universal homage, which is paid to Homer, Virgil, and Milton, is owing to the antiquity of their subjects. And if the last of the three has really excelled the other two, I suspect it is in nothing so much, as in having gone beyond them in this article.

‘ If instead of *Man's first disobedience*, &c. Milton had sung of *Their first disobedience*, *who*, by a passionate struggle for liberty, had well-nigh brought about the slavery both of themselves and their posterity; (though a subject this of a most interesting nature to us of this kingdom, and one, with which he must have been most thoroughly acquainted,) he would have found it extremely difficult, with all his force of numbers to have secured himself from being placed upon the same shelf with prince Arthur's poet; and might perhaps have stood there, as little noticed.

‘ Nay, the divine Homer himself, were he to come to life again, with the very same powers he had before; and attempt to sing the wars of Germany during the three last campaigns, with all the noble exploits of Frederic and Ferdinand for his materials, would never be able to produce a work of equal estimation with the *Iliad*,

— *Adeo sanctum vetus omne!* —

‘ Though

Though such a poultry business, as the taking of Troy, would not have been a work of ten days to one of our modern armies; in which the hero Achilles would not, without much instruction, have military skill enough to rank as a subaltern.

‘ But ten long years of siege some thousand years ago, or a war in heaven, (the very sound of which, by the way, almost staggers sober reason, without an absurd enumeration of particulars) sets admiration on the wide gape, and with that on his side, let the poet raise what monsters he will, they all go glibly down.’

After a faint acknowledgment that the antients excelled in architecture, statuary, and their appendent arts, he adds, ‘ but they seem to have employed their genius and industry, chiefly in some of the inferior parts of science; and appear to have been principally busied; to have spent most of their time and attention, in ornamenting the inlets and gates of knowledge; as if conscious, it was not permitted to their unhallowed feet to enter into her temple. Their goddess wore a veil, and they either durst not, or did not, attempt to pull it off. They knew scarce any thing, as we do. They never searched into the hidden sources of science. Their knowledge like the Nile was divided into different channels, but they knew nothing of it’s head. They wrote laws, but they understood nothing of the *spirit of laws*. They reasoned, but they were entirely unacquainted with *the powers of the mind, or how it acquired it’s ideas*. They saw matter, and they saw motion; but they were quite ignorant of the *nature* of the one, and of the *laws*, by which the other was governed. Their knowledge, in short, was drawn rather from their own brain, than from nature. They trusted more to fancy, than to facts: and, like those ingenious architects, who begin their building from the roof, they framed curious hypotheses, which had no foundation to support them. Whereas we, leaving the airy flights of imagination, have taken the surer, though more humble path of sober reason and chastized reflexion; and ground our deductions on correct experiments, and accurate observation. Their knowledge extended only to a few particulars; we know somewhat of almost every thing, that can be known, the boundaries of learning having been as much enlarged by late discoveries, as those of the habitable globe have been by the addition of a new world. The powers of mechanism, and other parts of useful science have been carried to such perfection, as former times could never have conceived possible; to such indeed, as the present may hardly esteem credible. To enumerate particulars

particulars is impossible; the very catalogue and mere index of our improvements would fill as many volumes, as heretofore contained all the knowledge, which mankind were possessed of.

Next he proceeds to give the preference to modern elocution, and to some of the modern languages, without entering upon particulars, a task that might be attended with some difficulty; and then goes on to poetry, which he divides into didactic, elegiac, and dramatic.

‘ To give an instance of comparison (says our author) in each of the three sorts, can it be at all doubted, but that Pope’s *Ethic Epistles* far excel every thing of the kind in ancient poetry? Will not Milton be allowed to stand at least, upon the same level with Homer and Virgil? And may not some Odes, lately published from Strawberry Hill, justly claim the pre-*cedence* of any in Pindar? The second sort then is the only one left, in which the excellence can be disputed with us. And even in this, with regard to the *elegiac*, one need not be afraid of meeting with much contradiction, if one should say, that no age or country ever produced an elegy, comparable to that in a *Country Church Yard*.

‘ But in point of dramatic perfection, it seems on all hands agreed, that the moderns must give way to the ancients. If we ask, why? it will be answered, because we have no chorus in our plays; which however, it must be owned, got it’s place in those of the ancients more through necessity, than choice. It had the right of prior possession, which could not easily be set aside. Plays at first, were nothing but little interludes, made to diversify certain choral songs, in honour of Bacchus, the first species of the drama, that appeared. When these were improved into more regular and perfect pieces, the chorus still maintained it’s place by virtue of it’s age, and the deference, which was paid to it on that account.

‘ That it adds a dignity to the drama, must perhaps be allowed; and to those, who are fond of shows and processions, it would no doubt greatly enhance the merit of a play. That it is the guardian, or rather parent of the unities, is another point, which cannot well be disputed: for as it consists of a number of persons, got together in a great measure by accident, it cannot well be supposed, that these can be kept together long; or be easily removed from place to place. But then how confined, in respect to variety, must this needs render the drama? for how few actions, or plots are there of any importance, which will admit the supposition of being compleated in

two, or even in twelve hours, or in one and the same place? and if you once begin the magic of scene-shifting, it may as well be extended from the palace to the forum, as from one room in the palace to another.

* They too, who judge from nature, and not from rules laid down by Aristotle, and a set of critics, whose aim it has been to follow him, rather than nature, will not perhaps be inclined to think, that probability is much consulted by the introduction of a chorus. An *acting audience*, which seems to be the true character of the chorus, may, in itself, be no very improbable thing: but an *acting audience*, which at the same time supposes another, *bearing*, audience present, whose judgment it is to inform and regulate, is an utter outrage against all probability. Besides this acting audience, which is to direct the other's judgment, (of the propriety and good tendency of which, to the manners of the common people, a great deal has been said) is generally so mysterious in delivering its own, that it is usually the most difficult part of the play to be understood: the songs of the Sybils themselves could scarcely be more obscure, than some of the Greek choruses must needs have been to common understandings.

* It is still more absurd to suppose, that a set of persons fitted for the purpose, should all be got together, without any apparent or previous reason for it, prepared with the finest flights of poetry; such, as do not seem to spring from any sentiments of the heart, excited by the turns and incidents of what is transacting, but are merely the visionary work of imagination, carried into too long a train of distant ideas to arise from any present, momentary impulse: and these, to take the business still farther out of nature's path, are to be accompanied by the highest strains of harmony, and all the pomp of music.

* That they too, who constitute the chorus, should either follow the principal character into his private apartment, where he might properly deliberate; or that he should deliberate aloud in an open court-yard, before fifty different persons; who are all to be made acquainted with the inmost secrets of his heart; and yet are to interfere no otherwise, than by advice; when perhaps the very worst of actions and designs are carrying on; are all of them matters, which accord but ill with the common notions of what constitutes the probable.

* Lastly, that a set of inferior characters, (such as the chorus in most cases must consist of, that the upper parts may be filled

filled with proper dignity) should have influence to controul; authority to dictate; or understanding to advise, and to deliver the great precepts of truth; is such a stretch to all seeming, as nothing, but the poet's licence, *quidlibet audendi*, can possibly give a sanction to.

Many other particulars might however have been taken notice of; such as, one person's expressing the sentiments of twelve, or any number of others, without any mutual consultation; which is the case of the *acting* part of the chorus; or, a number of persons delivering the same sentiments in precisely the same words, which is the case in the *singing* part. The circumstance of an *Onnes*, in one of our plays, agreeing in the same form of expression, has frequently afforded matter of just ridicule to the critics; how much more justly might this same circumstance have provoked their censure in the chorus, where it is carried to a much greater height of absurdity? Such a parcel of lifeless mutes too upon the stage, (which could be but ill avoided by making a first and second chorus) must hang like so many dead weights upon every movement; especially in the Greek theatre, where, by being masked, they could not even shew the concern they had, in what was going on, by their looks and features.

Perhaps, if we must have a chorus, the only way of remedying all these inconveniencies, would be to form it of certain *Genii*, *Sylphs*, or *Gnomes*, — who might easily be supposed to be perfectly acquainted with all human transactions, without having any right to interfere in them; and yet might take a pleasure in hymning their sentiments about them. The sons of those imaginary beings, might give as many breathing times to the poet and his audience, as he thought proper; (for it is not easy to see the necessity of their being precisely five, though both Greek and Latin authority has determined it so). And being intirely under his management, he might take care to let them sing only just so much, as would be to his purpose.

— *Quod proposito conducat, & hæreat aptè.*

An excellent scheme this, though we fear it will turn out but little to our author's advantage, as we conjecture he will never obtain a place among the *genii* of the stage.

But what must fully convince the reader of this extraordinary writer's taste, is an honest acknowledgment, 'that the great Thunderer's nod, in Homer, has no charms for him; and that the only line of the *Iliad*, which he ever read with pleasure, is

that in which the pensive unhappy father is described, after his suit had been rejected.

“Βη δ' ἀκίων παρὰ θύνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.”

Even the merit of this scene he destroys, by saying that the pathos in it is more accidental than designed. ‘The circumstances, which give the heightening to it seem to be principally the place, where the old man takes his walk; (the sea-side being peculiarly adapted to melancholy contemplation;) and the contrast between his grief-bred silence, and the noise of his beating surge, strongly conveyed to the mind by the epithet, πολυφλοίσβοιο. But as for his walking by the sea-side, there was probably nothing more intended by it, than merely to signify the going out of the camp, which was situated just by. To shew, that the poet did not choose this piece of scenery, as peculiarly suited to his purpose on this occasion, we may observe, that he makes the Greeks do almost every thing there — παρὰ θύνα, or ἐπὶ ῥημνὶ θαλάσσης, they eat, fight, and play. And as for any peculiar beauty in the epithet, πολυφλοίσβοιο, his using it always indiscriminately, whenever the metre requires such a word, inclines one to think, that it owes the propriety, which it has in this place, more to our ideas, than to his; who seems to have meant nothing more by it, than he does by his ὀπίρρεινα; ἡα μολαινῆ; or indeed almost any other of his epithets; which appear, in general, to be chose more on account of their being dactyles or spondees, than for any other assignable reason whatever. Why else do we hear of ποδάς ὤκως Ἀχιλλεύς, or κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ, when the business is only to make a speech? where ὑποδραῖ ἰδών, or χωόμενος κηρ might have a propriety, but the others none. Thus we have πολυμήνης Ὀδυσσεύς, when his honourable employment is no more, than what the greatest idiot might have performed, as well as himself; only to take those by the heel, whom Diomedes had knocked down, and drag them out of his way.’

After so much judicious criticism, and refined taste, will the reader doubt, that our author deserves a place on the same shelf with the learned Wotton, a member of the same seminary, and the worthy hero of that waggish performance, called the Battle of the Books.

ART. VII. *Genuine Letters and Memoirs, relating to the Natural, Civil, and Commercial History of the Islands of Cape Breton and Saint John, from the first Settlement there, to the Taking of Louisburg by the English, in 1758. In which, among many interesting Particulars, the Causes and previous Events of the present War are explained. By an impartial Frenchman. Translated from the Author's original Manuscript. 8vo. Pr. 6s. Nourse.*

WE have received great satisfaction in the perusal of these sensible Letters, the publication of which is extremely seasonable at this juncture, when men are divided in opinion, whether the retention of Cape Breton, at a general peace, would be attended with any considerable national advantage; a point which can only be determined by an exact description of the country, its productions, and influence on the commerce of the French and English colonies on the continent of North America. Here we have this subject disclosed to full view, in a method the most entertaining and instructive. The journal of a survey of both islands is minutely accurate; the description of the manners, inclinations, and prejudices of the Indians is masterly, and replete with such reflections as distinguish the author deeply read in the human heart, and may prove of great use to our traders with these barbarians. Several curious remarks on the French government established at Louisburg, anecdotes of the principal officers, and an examination of their conduct, are interspersed through these memoirs. We are presented likewise with a view of the several commercial schemes formed by the court of France, together with the most circumstantial detail of the siege of Louisburg, that has yet appeared. It is with pleasure we undertake to give an abstract of this spirited and elegant performance.

Cape Breton lay desert and uncultivated till the year 1714, when the French of Newfoundland and Acadia made some settlements on it. Necessity, the mother of invention, put them on trying whether they could not put the islands of Cape Breton and St. John in such a condition, as might partly repair the great loss they had sustained in that long war against the confederates; and the inducement was so much the stronger, as it was of the utmost importance to them, not to be entirely driven out of the cod fishery. It was likewise their interest to be within a proper distance for observing the progress of the English colonies in that neighbourhood; as it was besides incumbent on them to preserve a post, which enables them to command the mouth of the river St. Laurence, whereby a communication

with Canada is kept open, and a convenient harbour maintained for their shipping in distress of weather, which in those seas is very common: motives, which we apprehend ought to operate strongly with our ministry against the demolition of the fortifications of Louisburg, a measure so lately talked of.

The island of Cape Breton is situated in the Atlantic ocean, and gulph of St. Laurence, about 200 leagues from Quebec, the capital of Canada, to whose jurisdiction it belongs. From Nova Scotia it is parted by a narrow channel, and is distant about 15 leagues from the island of Newfoundland. In length it is about thirty-six leagues from north east to south west, in its greatest breadth about twenty, and nearly one hundred and five leagues in circumference. The winter is severe at Louisburg, the frost setting in at Christmas, and the earth covered with snow during the season; yet the air is wholesome, and the melancholy dreary gloom of winter soon dispelled at the approach of the summer's sun, which succeeds without an intervening spring. 'What adds to the horror of the winter season, is a kind of meteor seldom observed in other countries, which the inhabitants distinguish by the name of *Poudrierie*. It is a species of very fine snow, which insinuates itself into every hole and corner, and even into the minutest crevices. It does not seem to fall upon the ground, but to be carried away horizontally by the violence of the wind, so that great heaps of it lie against the walls and eminences; and as it hinders a person from distinguishing even the highest objects, or to open his eyes for fear of being hurt; it not only deprives him of sight, but almost of the power of respiration.'

Before settlements were made in this island, it was covered with trees, abounding in almost every kind of wood, except oak, of which there is but little. On the top of a species of white fir, grows a kind of mushroom, by the inhabitants called *garigue*, which the natives use with great success against pains in the breast, &c. Four sorts of firs grow here, one of which is called the white thorn, producing small protuberances on the bark, of the bigness of a kidney-bean, which contain a kind of turpentine, of excellent service for healing all sorts of wounds, and even fractures. It is also said to be a kind of specific in fevers, as well as disorders of the stomach and breast. Some alledge it is cathartic, for which purpose the natives sometimes use it. It is imported to France under the name of *white balm*, and taken in the quantity of two drops in a little broth. With respect to grains, the country is but barren, though our author conjectures the soil would produce

duce oats to good advantage. In every kind of pulse and culinary vegetables it is prolific, but the seed must be brought from Europe or New England.

Besides the beaver, the islands of Cape Breton and St. John abound in other curious quadrupeds, of which naturalists have given but an imperfect account. Among these the *original* deserves mention. This is an animal of the size of a mule, with thick hair, of a dark brown colour in summer, and almost entirely white in winter, by many supposed to be a species of elk. The *caribou* comes next. It is a kind of deer, whose head, like that of the *original*, is ornamented with very large stag horns, the branches of which are flat. The *quinquajou* is the inveterate enemy of the *original*. This creature, resembling a large cat, has hair of a red brown, and a tail so long, that when he turns it up, it makes two or three curls on his back. With it he entwines his prey, after first seizing it with his paws; then he gnaws the *original* under the ear, and never lets go his hold till the animal drops down dead. In searching his prey, he is assisted by the fox, who facilitates the attack, by surprizing or decoying the enemy. 'Thus, says our author, you see it is not our species alone that gets the better of force by cunning and stratagem. Nature is uniform throughout the whole range of beings; and doubtless to render us more sensible of her liberality in the dispensation of favours, she distributes evil with the same impartiality.' Reflections such as these are every where scattered up and down, which must be allowed to be useful and entertaining in an epistolary form, however improper they might be in just historical composition. The bones of the *original* the natives reduce to powder, which they afterwards boil in water. They then skim the fat that rises to the surface, and from thence form a kind of tallow, as white as snow, and solid as wax, which they call *Cacamo*, and use for provision in their hunting expeditions.

After enumerating a great number of other quadrupeds, we are favoured with the method of curing cod-fish practised in that country by the French, and preferred by our author to the English manner. He next describes the natives in a way extremely entertaining and philosophical; and, after exhibiting an entertainment made on ceremonial visits, relates the following thanksgiving oration made by the grateful visitor: 'O thou, who heapest thy favours on us, who excitest the transports of our gratitude, thou art like unto a tree, whose wide-spreading roots support a thousand little branches. Thou art like unto a benefactor whom we meet with on the borders of a

lake: thou resemblest the turpentine tree, which in all seasons imparteth its juice. Thou may'st be compared to those mild pleasant days, which we sometimes behold in the middle of the rudest winters, and whose benign influence gladdens our hearts. Thou art great in thyself, and so much the more, as the remembrance of the signal exploits of thy ancestors does not degrade thee. And indeed thy great great-grandfather, whose memory is still recent amongst us, was conspicuous for his skill and agility as a huntsman. What wonders did not he perform in the jovial chace, and in pursuing the *originals* and the *caribous*? His art in catching those animals was not superior to ours: but he had a particular agility in coming upon them by surprize. At the same time he flew at them with such rapidity, that notwithstanding they have such great strength and activity, and are even better able to skip over snowy mountains with their legs, than we with our rackets, yet he used to run them down. He would afterwards bleed them himself, and feast us with their blood; then he fleeced them, and gave us the whole body of the beast.

But if thy great great-grandfather used to distinguish himself in this kind of chace, what feats hath not thy great grandfather done in the hunting of beavers? He outstripped the industry of those animals that are almost equal to men. By his frequent watchings round their huts, and by the repeated alarms with which he used to beat up their haunts even in one night, he knew how to oblige them to retire to their form, or bed, by which means he calculated the number which he had seen in the day. Nothing could equal his sagacity, for he could tell when they would come to load their tails with earth, and to cut such particular shrubs with their sharp teeth, in order to raise their dikes. Nothing could be more surprizing than his faculty of distinguishing in what spot those animals were housed. In regard to thy great-grandfather, was not he a most clever man at making gins for linxes and martens? He had particular secrets to oblige these animals to run into his snares, preferably to those of others. He had likewise so great a quantity of furs, that he was never at a loss to oblige his friends. Let us come to thy grandfather, who has made a thousand presents of sea-wolves to the youths of his time. How often have we had the pleasure of greasing our hair with oil upon those happy occasions in his cottage? How often has he invited, and even forced us to go home with him, upon our returning with empty canoes, in order to repair the damage we had sustained? But did not thy father distinguish himself in every branch? Was not he thoroughly possessed of the art of shooting at game, either

ther flying, or at rest; and was not he always sure of his aim? But above all he was excellent in drawing the bustards towards his statues. We are all of us pretty well versed in the art of counterfeiting the cry of those animals; but he surpassed us in particular inflections of the voice, so as to render it difficult to distinguish his cry from that of a bustard; as he excelled in other finesses by which he was sure to succeed. We were all ashamed, whenever he returned from the chace. True it is, that the use he made of his plenty of game, banished all envy from our breasts, and filled us with sentiments of gratitude.

‘ In regard to the encomiums I might bestow on thyself, I confess, that loaded as I have been with the favours thou hast just now conferred upon me, I want words to express them. Therefore thou may’st read my sentiments in my looks, and be satisfied with the thanks which I give thee, by squeezing thy hand.’

Next to the manners of the savages, follows a description of the government and military establishment; of the supreme council, and other jurisdictions; and of the hospital, priests, monks, and missionaries on the island of Cape Breton. We have then a distinct view of the commerce which is or ought to be carried on at the islands of Cape Breton and St. John, the traffic of the French colony with New England, the contraband trade, and the great abuses in this respect.

Letter 15 contains some very sensible reflections on the state of Louisburg, before it fell into the hands of the English; a scheme for rendering it impregnable, with plans and means proposed to the court of France by the count de Raymond. In the two subsequent letters we have a short account of the war between the Mickmac, Marichite, and Abenoki savages, and the English, with reflections on the origin of the present war between France and England, which we wish we could quote, for the benefit of the Grubstreet fraternity, who would here find the outlines of pamphlets for half the season. Whether the detail that follows, of the capture of the Alcide and Lys by admiral Boscawen, of the surrender of fort Beausejour, and the siege of Louisburg, be strictly agreeable to the most authentic accounts already published, is what we cannot presume to determine, on the strength of our memory. All we shall venture to say, is, that these facts are described in a copious and spirited manner. In a word, these letters abound with entertainment, and we need not hesitate to recommend them as the best account of Cape Breton and St. John, the nature and importance of the trade of these islands, the cause and origin of the present war, and of a variety of other cu-
tions

rious particulars, that we have seen. Possible it is, however, that the reader may think the reflections too frequent and prolix; but they are such, in general, as shew a mind turned for speculation, and cannot fail of improving an attentive peruser. Let us add, that the letters begin at the year 1752, which are continued down to the taking of Louisburg; and that although the author is said to be a Frenchman, he writes with the freedom, the spirit, and impartiality of a Englishman.

ART. VIII. *The Actor. A Poetical Epistle to Bonnell Thornton, Esq; 4to. Pr. 1s. Doddsley.*

THERE are in every art and science some striking precepts, which, properly attended to, with common sense in the observer, will be sufficient to direct him towards excellence: these precepts the poet now in view has judiciously selected from numberless others that might be used on the same occasion, and has conveyed them with precision, elegance, and humour. They are not thrown out at random, but particularly pointed at the present fashionable errors of our players, and seem calculated to correct what the vulgar applaud as beauties. The universal fondness of our second-rate actors, for imitating some eminent actor, rather than attempting to take their manner from nature only, comes first under the poet's notice.

' No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.
If 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
At some lov'd play the old man chance to sit,
Am I pleas'd more because 'twas acted so
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
The mind recalls an object held more dear,
And hates the copy that it comes so near.
Why lov'd we Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone?
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.'

Such an admonition was certainly never more wanted than at present, when all our rising actors seem to place their whole merit in imitation; when they attempt to copy after a model, whose peculiarities of tone and gesture may be easily taken off, but whose striking excellencies it is not in the power of imita-

tion to equal. To be quite explicit: Mr. Garrick, tho' perhaps the best actor in Europe, is by no means a proper model for a young actor to study as a pattern of excellence. His peculiar talents lie in an exquisite sensibility, always guided with good sense, added to features quite obedient to every emotion. If a young actor does not find in himself this ductility of soul, it is in vain to start, strain, and throw his voice into the most unnatural tones, merely to resemble what is, by no means, Mr. Garrick's excellence. One would think to hear them thus echoing each other, upon the very same key, that they were acting the two Sofias, and endeavouring to mimic an individual, but not drawing from nature. The poet goes on to observe, that the player's profession

Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
Nature's true knowledge is his only art.
The strong-felt passion bolts into the face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?
To this one standard make your just appeal.
Here lies the golden secret; learn to FEEL.
Or fool or monarch, happy or distressed,
No actor pleases that is not *possess'd*?

An old actor used to observe, that he could feel any thing new with as much sensibility as others; but after he had read a fine speech, or delicate sentiment, long enough till he had it by heart, he could feel its beauties no longer: and yet we may justly observe, that the actor, who cannot feel even after the thousandth repetition, is not cut out, by nature, for the stage. This mechanical impulse, which a good player can give his soul, even in the presence of the most striking assembly, distinguishes him from the second-rate actor, who mixes the idea of the audience with the part he acts, and only feels his poet by halves.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a start.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipoiz'd he stands,
Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands.
Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
By perseverance to extort applause.
When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvass tomb,

The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.'

There is scarce a spectator but must have felt the absurdity here complained of: what writhings, distortions, and painful postures, as if the strong passions were used to throw men into such figures, and keep them there! so far from this that anger, surprize, and sorrow, are ever changing, and their appearance is best represented by quick and violent transitions. An observation of Mr. Addison upon the acting of Nicolini, in which he praises him for borrowing, upon proper occasions, the most beautiful attitudes of the most beautiful statues of antiquity, has probably led our actors into more mistakes in this particular, than even imitation itself could have done. The statues of antiquity are never distorted without reason. When an Hercules lifts up Anteus, his body is naturally in a labouring posture, and the distortion is just. When Laocoon attempts to break the knots of the serpents which infold him, he is drawn in a labouring attitude; but simple passions are not expressed with all this exaggerated force; the Mirmillo dies, Apollo sends off his angry shaft in easy, we may be permitted to say, graceful attitudes: but Romeo, with his lifted staff, no more creates our surprize than one of St. Dunstan's figures with his club. But to proceed:

' The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

' Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage-processions stalks along.'

It must be owned, that the slow drawling manner, which younger actors call just speaking, is most insupportably disagreeable. When the gay sprightly Comus comes with a dismal face, and emphatical voice, to preach up debauchery; when Jaffier sinks all the harmony of his conversations into emphasis and prosaic period; while the whole runs off like unmusical prose, we feel a pain we know not how to express, and ascribe as a fault to the poet what only lies in the actor. Our author goes on:

' He who in earnest studies o'er his part
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
All from their eyes impulsive thought reveal,
And none can want expression, who can feel.

' There

‘ There is a fault which stirs the critic’s rage,
A want of due attention on the stage.
There have been actors, and admir’d ones too,
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue.
In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
Yet unconcern’d at what the rest may say.
Whose eyes and thoughts on diff’rent objects roam
Until the prompter’s voice recal them home.

‘ Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
And strive to speak, and be the very man.
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know
Who sits above to-night, or who below.
So mid th’ harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage.
When with a simp’ring leer, and bow profound,
The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round ;
Or proud Mandane of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curtsie to her grace.’

This is, indeed, a fault much more common abroad than in England ; yet even here it is coming into fashion. This insipid method of cringing for praise, is every whit as paltry as that of the hornpipe dancers at Sadler’s Wells, who, when their jig is over, scrape round to the company for halfpence. The remark which follows is extremely just.

‘ But in stage-customs what offends me most
Is the slip-door; and slowly-rising ghost.
Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
Why need the dismal powder’d forms appear ?

‘ When chilling horrors shake th’ affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting ;
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
And fancy tells him that the seat is full,
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch’s place,
To frighten children with his mealy face ?
The king alone should form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.’

Poor Otway was obliged to conform to the times ; the taste was then to introduce ghosts into every play, no matter whether with propriety or no. In his *Venice Preserved* he was resolved to indulge his audience in all their absurdities, in low buffoonery, and the trap-door. But surely, such perversions of taste are not necessary now : the ridiculous Senator’s part has been omitted, it would be kindness to discontinue the Ghosts in the
same

same manner. We are sorry the few lines, with which we shall close this article, are at one of the theatres, entirely disregarded.

‘ O ne’er may folly seize the throne of taste,
Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste.
No bouncing crackers ape the thundrer’s fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire.
More natural uses to the stage belong,
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song,
For other purpose was that spot design’d;
To purge the passions and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.’

ART. IX. *Memoirs of the Life of the late George Frederic Handel. To which is added, a Catalogue of his Works, and Observations upon them.* 8vo. Pr. 3s. Doddsley.

THE lovers of harmony will, no doubt, be highly delighted with memoirs, which, indeed, contain but few interesting particulars of the life, but great variety of pretty observations on the compositions of this sublime artist. Not to rob them of any part of their satisfaction, we shall proceed, without adding any remarks of our own, to give as compendious an abstract as the nature of the performance will admit. George Frederic Handel, was the son of an eminent practitioner in physic at Hall, in Upper Saxony. Intended for the study of the civil law, he discovered so early a propensity to music, and exhibited such astonishing proofs of genius at the age of seven years, that his father, with some difficulty, was prevailed on to yield to the boy’s inclinations. For improvement he travelled to Berlin, Hamburgh, Florence, Venice, Naples, and Rome, where he was received with all those honours and marks of distinction due to an artist of his class. Correlli, Scarletti, and the greatest composers and performers Italy, the soil of taste, ever bred, were filled with admiration at the genius of young Handel, both as a composer and performer; the latter, in particular, courted his friendship, and pursued him through different peregrinations, as if to catch his genius. The opera of Rodrigo was composed at Florence, for which he was presented with a sum of money, and a fine service of plate, by the Grand Duke. He was discovered in Venice at a masquerade, while he was playing on a harpsichord in visor. Scarletti was present, and affirmed, that either it must be the young Saxon or the devil. His opera of Agrippina was composed at the request of several Venetian nobility, and

and performed twenty-seven nights successively, with expressions of applause altogether extravagant. Enchanted with his melody, combined with the utmost grandeur and sublimity of harmony, *Viva il caro Sassone!* resounded from every part of the theatre; insomuch that a stranger, who should have beheld the manner in which the audience was affected, would have concluded their senses were distracted.

After a residence of six years in Italy he returned to his native country, and went from thence to the court of Hanover, where his Electoral Highness immediately settled a yearly pension on him of 1500 crowns, as an inducement to stay. He obtained leave, however, to visit the court of the Elector Palatine, and to pass a year in London, where he arrived in 1710, at the age of twenty-six. His compositions, and vast execution on the harpsichord and organ, had already spread his fame over Europe; it cannot therefore be questioned, but his arrival in England was matter of joy to all admirers of his elegant art. He was soon introduced at court, and honoured with marks of the Queen's favour. Many of the nobility were impatient for an opera of his composing, and to gratify their wishes, he finished *Rinaldo* in a fortnight. Its success was answerable to its merit; the admired Nicolini sung in it, and the whole town flocked to hear the finest singer chant the most sublime and correct performance ever exhibited in London. His engagements at Hanover obliged him to leave England, to the great regret of all lovers of music; but towards the end of the year 1712, he procured leave to make a second visit, on condition that he limited it to a reasonable time. In this particular Handel's conduct seems blameable. Enamoured with England, where he was highly careased, he forgot his engagements to the Elector, never returning to that court; but had the good fortune to obtain his pardon on the accession of that prince to the throne of Great Britain, and to have the pension of 200 l. per annum, granted by the late Queen, now doubled. Here we have an entertaining account of the musical factions formed among the nobility; the one side patronizing Handel with as much zeal as the others supported Buononcini: by dint of merit Handel carried it against all opposition; a musical academy was founded, and, for the space of ten years, this art flourished in greater perfection in England, than in any other part of the world. At last, the rough manners of Handel occasioned disputes between him and his best performers; a new faction raised its head, engaged the inimitable Faranelli, and after a stout resistance, drove our hero to Hibernia, where he was received with the honours due to Apollo himself.

In

In the year 1741-2 he returned to London, and recommenced those oratorios at Covent-Garden with great success, which, but a little time before were exhibited in the same place to very thin audiences. From this æra we may date his prosperity, and uninterrupted good fortune. Upon this change his first care was to apply some part of it to the relief of objects exposed to the miseries of perpetual confinement: it was afterwards consecrated to the service of the most innocent and helpless of the human species; and the Foundling Hospital, in some degree, owes its continuance, as well as prosperity, to the beneficent and public spirit of Handel. In 1751 a gutta serena deprived him of sight, and, for a time, sunk him into the deepest despondency. Towards the close of his life, his mind was frequently disordered, though, at intervals, he remained in the full vigour of all his faculties, till the 14th day of April, 1759, when he expired.

Such are the outlines of this entertaining sketch of Mr. Handel's life, replete with curious anecdotes and remarks, and penned in a style not inelegant, or unlike the hand of the ingenious author of a pretty performance on musical expression. The critique on Handel's style and composition, speaks rather the writer of taste than the master in harmony; it is pleasing, airy, and superficial, well adapted for the reading of a gentleman, but little calculated to improve the scholar. His character of Hæssle and Buononcini, favours strongly of biographical partiality, which would make every other artist in the same way sink under the superior merit of his hero. Their pieces are by no means of that thin flimsy texture, which our author insinuates, tho' the harmony be less full than in many of Handel's performances. In the operas of Dido and Semiramide, Hæssle excels Handel in the delicacy of the recitative and irresistible sweetness of the air, as much as he is excelled by him in any part of composition. Buononcini's Funeral Anthem may be esteemed a master-piece of the happy union of melody and harmony; superior indeed to any thing in this kind by Handel, or indeed any other master, unless we except the *Stabat Mater* of the imitable Pergolesi. There can, indeed, be no parallel drawn between these elegant composers and Handel; however, we may venture to say, that if he exceeded them in fertility of invention, in sublimity of thought, and strength of genius, they as far surpassed him in delicacy of feeling, in flight of fancy, in passion, and that power of fine imagination which melts the soul, and dissolves it in dying extasy of sound.

ART. XI. *The Secret History of Colonel Hooke's Negotiations in Scotland, in Favour of the Pretender, in 1707. Including the original Letters and Papers which passed between the Scotch and Irish Lords and the Courts of Versailles and St. Germain's. Never before published. Written by Himself. With a Translation of Letters, containing a Narrative of the Pretender's Expedition into Scotland in 1708, and his Return to Dunkirk, transmitted to the French Court by the Commanding Officers of the Squadron. Brev. Pr. 3s. 6d. Becket.*

ALTHOUGH we harbour no doubts about the authenticity of these memorials and letters, we entertain different sentiments with the editor, concerning their importance. After the most attentive perusal, we do not find that they contain any thing materially different from what was known and believed of the prevalency of the spirit of jacobitism in Scotland. Nay, we are persuaded, that Col. Hooke was either too sanguine in his expectations of a general insurrection in favour of the Pretender; or that he voluntarily deceived the French ministry, in order to draw from them such supplies as might possibly have terminated to the wish of the disaffected, in the exhausted languid state of the nation after a tedious war. He always speaks of Scotland in general terms, as if the whole were united in the same design of affecting a revolution; yet we do not find, upon any authority, that the resentment of the Scotch against the union, ever carried them to such a length as to make them unanimous in their views. It is even certain, that many lords of the greatest weight, influence, property, merit, ability, and integrity, were no way concerned in this plot, which seems to have been contrived by the same heads, and established on the same basis, as the rebellion in 1715. The dukes of Athol and Gordon, (for Hamilton was suspected of intrigues with the court) the lords Errol, Panmure, Kinnaird, Stormont, Kilsyth, Marshall, and a few more; some private persons, besides the Highland clans, were all who either signed the memorials to the Pretender, corresponded with him by letter, or kept up an epistolary intercourse with the French ministry. Their promises of entering England with 30,000 men, appear altogether extravagant; their representation of the state of that kingdom exaggerated, and the substance of all their memorials false, with respect to the comparative strength of parties; so that, in fact, we can form no judgment of the spirit of the times, from papers framed merely for the purposes of private views, and penned in that strain of enthusiastic zeal which ever takes possession of a faction determined upon desperate measures. For instance, in

one of the memorials, we find this paragraph, "The Scots are certain, that Ireland waits only for their example to take arms, and the inhabitants alone of the north of Ireland, who are Scots, will directly furnish 20,000 men, completely armed, under a commander of great reputation among them, who has thereto engaged himself." We are no where told who this great commander was; and it is probable, that his abilities must have stood in the room of half the Scotch-Irish here promised. But what discredits these memorials, with respect to the state of the kingdom, beyond all denial, is the phlegm with which they were received at Versailles. Lewis never stood more in need of a powerful diversion in his favour than at that time; but he plainly discerned, that the hopes of the party was sanguine beyond its strength; and that Col. Hooke, in particular, strove to enhance his own services, and gain a pension, by setting in the best light the success of his embassies to the disaffected. This appears by the hint given at the end of almost every letter to M. Chamillard. To conclude, the reader will, however, not be disappointed in a curious fund of entertainment, though he ought, perhaps, to credit these papers *cum grano salis*.

ART. XI. A LETTER to the Authors of the CRITICAL REVIEW, with an Account of the Works of Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus, and Musæus, translated into English, by a Gentleman of Cambridge. 12mo. Price 3s. Newbery.

WHenever I receive any pleasure from perusing the works of genius or erudition, it is a gratification to myself to communicate that pleasure to the public; and therefore, I shall here give a few specimens of the performance abovementioned; which is undoubtedly the most pleasing method of elucidating an author. These translations are happily finished; they flow with a peculiar ease, and a delicate turn, which makes them seem more like originals than copies. See ode 30th.

CUPID taken prisoner.

Late the *Muses* Cupid found,
And with wreaths of roses bound,
Bound him fast, as soon as caught,
And to blooming Beauty brought.
Venus with large ransom strove
To release the god of love:
Vain is ransom, vain is fee,
Love refuses to be free:

Happy

Happy in his rosy chain,
Love with Beauty will remain.

See also the 41st ode.—

Now let us gayly drink and join
To celebrate the god of wine,
Bacchus, who taught his jovial throng
The dance, and patroniz'd the song;
In heart, in soul, with *love* the same,
The favourite of the Cyprian dame.
Revelry he nam'd his heir;
The *graces* are his daughters fair;
Sadness in Lethe's lake he sleeps;
Sollicitude before him sleeps, &c.

The 43d ode on the *grasshopper* is very delicate.

Thee, sweet grasshopper, we call
Happiest of insects all,
Who from spray to spray can't skip,
And the dew of morning sip.
All, whatever thou can't see,
Herbs and flow'rs belong to thee;
All the various seasons yield,
All the produce of the field:
Thou, quite innocent of harm,
Lov'st the farmer and the farm;
Singing sweet when summer's near,
Thou to all mankind art dear, &c.

The 46th ode, *on gold*, and the 61st, on the same subject, are admirable. The 65th, *on himself*, is very beautiful; it contains a pleasing droll picture of the merry old bard; and was never before translated.

I am no judge of what sort of words are proper in composition for music, but should imagine a master would find many of these little odes proper for his purpose, as the subjects of them are agreeable, and the language musical. Give me leave to instance an ode of Sappho's *on the Rose*.

Would Jove appoint some flow'r to reign
In blooming beauty on the plain,
The rose (mankind will all agree)
The rose the queen of flow'rs should be:
The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers:

Its

Its beauties charm the gods above;
 Its fragrance is the breath of love;
 Its foliage wantons in the air
 Luxuriant, like the flowing hair;
 It shines in blooming splendor gay,
 While zephyrs on its bosom play.

Notwithstanding what I have said above, I think the Idylliums of Bion and Moschus the most valuable parts of the performance. That on the death of Adonis is excellent throughout; I beg leave to give an instance in a very few lines, beginning at verse 43.

The mountains mourn, the waving woods bewail,
 And rivers roll lamenting through the vale;
 The silver springs descend in streams of woe
 Down the high hills, and murmur as they flow:
 And every flow'r in drooping grief appears
 Depress'd, and languishingly drown'd in tears;
 While Venus o'er the hills and vallies flies,
 And "Ah! Adonis is no more," she cries;
 Along the hills, and vales, and vocal shore,
Echo repeats, 'Adonis is no more.'

The beginning of Moschus's Idyllium on the death of Bion something similar to this passage:

Ye woods, with grief your waving summits bow,
 Ye Dorian fountains, murmur as ye flow,
 From weeping urns your copious sorrows shed,
 And bid the rivers mourn for Bion dead:
 Ye shady groves, in robe of sable hue
 Bewail; ye plants, in pearly drops of dew:
 Ye drooping flow'rs, diffuse a languid breath,
 And die with sorrow at sweet Bion's death;
 Ye roses, change from red to sickly pale,
 And, all ye bright anemonies, bewail:
 Now hyacinth, thy doleful letters show
 Inscrib'd in larger characters of woe.
 For Bion dead, the sweetest shepherd swain:
 Begin, Sicilian muse, begin the mournful strain!

Take one passage more from the same Idyllium, ver. 145.

Alas! the meanest flow'rs which gardens yield,
 The vilest weeds that flourish in the field,
 Which dead in wintry sepulchres appear,
 Revive in spring, and bloom another year:

But we, the great, the brave, the learn'd, the wise,
Soon as the hand of death has clos'd our eyes,
In tombs forgotten lie; no suns restore,
We sleep, for ever sleep, to wake — no more.

The poem on the loves of Hero and Leander is very tender, pleasing, and interesting. Pray read the speech which a lover made to his mistress near two thousand years ago. — This faithful pair being greatly enamoured of each other, and she having enumerated many difficulties and obstructions which might prevent their happiness, he says,

For thee, dear object of my fond desire,
I'll cross the ocean, though it flame with fire;
Nor would I fear the billows loud alarms,
While every billow bore me to thy arms;
Uncheck'd, undaunted by the boisterous main,
Tempestuous winds should round me roar in vain;
But oft as night her sable pinions spread,
I through the storm would swim to Hero's bed.
Let but my fair a kindly torch display,
From the high turret to direct my way;
Then shall thy daring swain securely glide,
The bark of Cupid o'er the yielding tide,
Thyself my haven, and thy torch my guide:
And while I view the genial blaze afar,
I'll swim regardless of Boötes' car,
Of fell Orion, and the northern wain,
That never bathes his brightness in the main:
Thy star more eminently bright than they,
Shall lead the lover to his blissful bay.
But let the torch, O nymph divinely fair,
My only safety, be thy only care;
Guard well its light, when wintry tempests roar,
And hoarse waves break tumultuous on the shore,
Lest the dire storms, that blacken all the sky,
The flame extinguish, and the lover die.

CANDID.

To these remarks of our correspondent, we shall only add, that however pleasing the task of pointing out the beauties of an author may be to the critic, it is no less useful to his readers that he take notice of the blemishes, in order to direct them what they ought to avoid, as well as what to imitate. From the slight perusal we gave this translation, we are of opinion there is room for both, it being in many places unequal,

equal, and loaded with a great number of notes. We must likewise say, that of all kinds of poetry the Anacreontic measure is the least adapted to musical composition, without it be a catch, or ballad, as it affords no place for that slow harmony, and solemn expression of sound, which forms the pathos in composition.

FOREIGN ARTICLE.

ART. XII. *Traité de la Nature de l'Ame, et de l'Origine de ses Connoissances. Contre le Système de M. Locke et de ses Partisans.* 2 Vols. 8vo. Sold by Becket in the Strand.

HOWEVER pleasing to the mind novelty may be in most other instances, it is by no means so in literary or religious opinions. The fundamental principles of both being early ingrafted, take deep root, and prejudice acts with all the force of reason. Our pride is alarmed at any endeavours to subvert notions which have grown old with us; it is demonstrating, that we have been all our lives in an error; our passions are too strongly engaged to give fair play to the arguments pressed upon us; and when we are unable to reply, we obstinately shut our ears to the force of truth. With what reluctance did one system of philosophy make way for another; what rivers of ink were spilled in defence of error! Newton and Locke, though their writings may appear to us to carry the conviction of self-evident truths, were opposed by the greatest men of that age; but they have now so firmly established themselves, that to controvert any of their opinions is deemed apostacy from those principles in which we were bred. Is it probable then, that a disciple of Locke can peruse with candour and due impartiality, a treatise written expressly against that great philosopher, whom he has been taught to regard, as infallible in all points relative to the human faculties and understanding, of which he has sketched out the most lively, consistent, and beautiful history that ever was attempted?

We must acknowledge, that we took up this performance with the prejudice usual in such cases: it was difficult to persuade ourselves, that a writer of merit could, at this time, employ his talents against Mr. Locke's doctrine, so long and so universally received. Curiosity, however, led us from one page to another; we discovered marks of strong sense, and depth of thought as we proceeded, which encreased the farther we ad-

vanced;

vanced ; our prejudices subsided, and we finished the performance, if not with retracting our sentiments of Mr. Locke's doctrine, at least with a high opinion of the learning and ability of his critic. He inquires with great closeness and precision into the nature of the soul, and the origin of human knowledge : he traces the mental operations, either abstractedly or relatively to the body, with accuracy : he examines, like an able critic, Mr. Locke's doctrine of sensations, upon which the whole theory of ideas rests, and advances stronger arguments in support of innate ideas, than we have any where met with : in a word, he is a learned, a candid, and judicious polemical writer, whose performance will, at least, be useful in explaining some parts of the treatise *On the Human Understanding*, not generally well understood. Some future occasion may possibly furnish us with more leisure to be explicit on the merits of this valuable work, while we content ourselves, at present, with pointing out the book to our metaphysical readers.

 Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 13. *An Introduction to Botany. Containing an Explanation of the Theory of that Science, and an Interpretation of its Technical Terms. Extracted from the works of Dr. Linnæus, and calculated to assist such as may be desirous of studying that Author's Method and Improvements. With twelve Copper Plates, and two Explanatory Tables. To which is added An Appendix ; Containing upwards of Two Thousand English Names of Plants, referred to their proper Titles in the Linnæan System. By James Lee, Nursery-Man, at the Vineyard at Hammersmith. 8vo. Pr. 5s. J. and R. Tonson.*

THE title page to this performance faithfully expresses the contents. It is a kind of botanical dictionary, drawn from a close application to the works of the celebrated Dr. Linnæus, explaining not only the terms which occur in this science, but the sexual system of botany. Mr. Lee's method seems to be well calculated for those who would become proficient in the Linnæan system, though we must confess ourselves not competent judges of the execution. He has, in a sensible preface, explained the principles upon which this doctrine was founded ; the first hint of which, he says, was suggested by our countryman Sir Thomas Millington, and, after passing through the hands of Camerarius, Moreland, Geoffroi, Vaillant, Blair, Jussieu,

Jussieu, and Bradley, was at length reduced into system by Linnaeus.

Our author divides his system into classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties; the three first divisions being established on the fructification, which composes the first part of his work. In the second part we have the whole theoretic part of the system, and a full explanation of the classes, orders, and genera: and in the third and last part, the root and herb are described. To this are annexed tables, by means of which the reader may find the class and order of any plant, after he has informed himself of its botanic name: but without enlarging farther, we need only give the following extract, in proof of Mr. Lee's good sense.

It now only remains for the author to say something concerning his own part in the labour of this undertaking. He is far from desiring the world should conceive, from the appearance of his name in the title page, that he is of sufficient strength to undertake a work of this kind without assistance. Though it has always been a pleasure to him to study the theory of his profession, as far as the business of it would allow leisure for, he is very sensible of his own inability to put the materials of such a work into a form correct enough to come under the eye of the public; and, were he permitted, would readily acknowledge the obligations he has to those who have kindly helped him in this undertaking; but as some injunctions oblige him to be silent on this head, he must content himself with having said thus much to clear himself from any imputation of presumption or arrogance.

Art. 14. *The Complete Brewer; or, the Art and Mystery of Brewing explained. Containing plain and easy Directions for Brewing all Sorts of Malt Liquors in the greatest Perfection. Also the Construction of a Brew-House, and the Choice of Brewing Vessels. Compiled from the most valuable Receipts in Brewery, now corrected and improved for the Benefit of the Public. By a Brewer of extensive Practice.* 12mo. Pr. 3s. Coote.

A Practical treatise on the art of brewing, if well executed, would, undoubtedly, be a work of extensive utility. Whether this little performance deserves to be regarded in that light, we are not competent judges. All that we can affirm is, that it is written intelligibly, and comprehends every particular of the art.

Art. 15. *The Elements or Theory of Arithmetic: Containing all its Rules in whole Numbers; Fractions, Vulgar and Decimal; and the Doctrine of Circulates and Logarithms: Demonstrated in a new and familiar Method. As also Practical Arithmetic: or, its Application to Computations necessary at the Custom-House, Exchequer, and in the several Concerns of Life. With the Weights, Measures, and Money of the ancient Jews, Greeks, Romans, &c. reduced to the English Standards. By James Hardy, Teacher of Mathematics, and Writing Master at Eton College. 8vo. Price 4s. Payne.*

It will not be expected that we should peruse this treatise with the same care as others, where we may expect to receive some improvement, or at least satisfaction. Sufficient it is, that we make ourselves acquainted with the general plan of the author, as the whole value of a compendium of arithmetic consists in the perspicuity of the rules, and the brevity and neatness of the examples, in which particulars Mr. Hardy seems to be upon a footing with many preceding writers.

Art. 16. *A Second Letter from Liberty and Common-Sense to the People of Ireland greeting. 8vo. Price 6d. Burd.*

Happy Hibernia, with whom these heavenly beings deign to correspond, and, like the dæmon of Socrates, and pigeon of Mohammed, whisper in thy ear the tidings of salvation. May the wisdom of our legislature contrive means to import, with thy butter and thy tallow, a small portion of the sage admonitions thou receivest from the lips of those tutelary beings, prudently substituted in the room of thy legendary Saint Patrick. Hadst thou sooner inclined thine ear to the voice of Liberty and Common-sense, thy magistrates would not have been turned into scorn by the people, and the defence of thy sea-port of Carrickfergus left to the prowess of one boy, who, with his single arm, did, by stones and brick-bats, gloriously withstand for a time all the efforts of the pirate Thurot, rendered fierce as a ravenous wolf by pinching cold and hunger.—May the example of this youthful hero sink deep into the hearts of thy children, so shalt thou mock the boasts of the great King, and set at defiance all the terrors of Brest and Toulon.

Art. 17. *A Letter to the Right Reverend Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Shuckburgh.*

The letter was wrote before Dr. Warburton's promotion to the see of Gloucester. It is a genteel and sarcastic attack upon
some

some opinions advanced by that right reverend gentleman, in the dedications to the last edition of the *Divine Legation*. Our author begins with that addressed to lord chief justice Mansfield, where Dr. Warburton says, "I had lived to see—It is a plain and artless tale I have to tell—I had lived to see what lawgivers have always seemed to dread as the certain prognostic of public desolation, that fatal crisis, where religion hath lost its hold on the minds of a people!"—He observes, that the degeneracy of the times have been topics of declamation in all ages; that the general tendency of this address reflects on the revolution; that it even reflects on the present royal family; that the irreligion of which the right reverend writer complains, is not the effects of virulent attacks upon church-power; that the existence of religion in the minds of men, has no manner of connection with the prerogatives of the clergy; that Dr. Warburton, of all men, has the least reason to cry out against the general neglect and disregard of clerical merit, &c. He then proceeds to some remarks on a book published by Dr. Warburton, intitled, *The Alliance between Church and State*; and concludes with some reflections on the Bishop's Address to the Jews, prefixed to the second volume of the last edition of the *Divine Legation*.

Art. 18. *The History of Ophelia. Published by the Author of David Simple. In two Vols. 12mo. Pr. 6s. Baldwin.*

The author of this performance would seem to have the *Female Quixote* in view; but the character of Ophelia is supported with less humour. The novel, however, preserves that delicacy peculiar to female writers; and we may venture to say it affords as much entertainment, and harmless recreation, as most productions of this kind.

Art. 19. *Louisa: or, Virtue in Distress. Being the History of a Natural Daughter of Lady * * * *. 12mo. Pr. 2s. Corbett.*

The sagacious author of this elaborate piece remarks, in the preface, 'that our modern critics, who send their monthly productions into the world, are oftentimes very severe on books of this kind; but their criticisms, however cutting they may appear, are not of any great consequence, since I have observed that they have recommended novels, which, had they allowed themselves leisure to peruse, their praises would, I am persuaded, have greatly dwindled.' Our criticisms then are of no great consequence, because *you have observed*; but till the world has likewise observed, that we have stamp'd our *imprimatur* on novels of less merit than your's, we shall beg leave to decline your award.

This

This we will venture to affirm, that even the recommendations of Mr. Richardson, which you so fawningly solicit, will never procure this production of yours a place but in a circulating library, or men a palate to relish the most insipid and tasteless of all novels—your Louisa.

Art. 20. *Explanatory Remarks upon the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy; wherein the Morals and Politics of this Piece are clearly laid open*, by Jeremiah Kunaastrokius, M. D. 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Cabe.

Although we were pleased with the reading of this humorous rhapsody, we must own we are tired with the encomiums bestowed on Tristram Shandy by those half-witted critics, who echo public report from coffee-house to coffee-house, and suspend their own opinion till the signal is made by a wit of superior rank. We would caution the author and his friends against raising the public expectation of the subsequent part, too high. Every thing in this country is directed by caprice; we praise and depreciate in extremes, and a new writer must either be at the top or the bottom of his profession, for a season. To own the truth, we harbour some suspicions that the author himself is here giving breath to the trumpet of fame; and, under the form of explanatory notes, pointing the finger at some of those latent strokes of wit in Tristram's life and opinions, which may perchance have escaped the eye of the less discerning reader. The same turn of humour appears in this as in the former production; and the short sketch of Mr. Profound's character is indeed admirable.

'I tell you, gentlemen, (says this coffee-house oracle) Tristram Shandy is one compleat system of modern politics, and that to understand him, there is as much occasion for a key as there is for a catalogue to the Harleian library: I own, that I should not myself have penetrated so far as I have, notwithstanding my great reading in works of this nature, if I had not had the opportunity of supping the other evening with the author, who let me into the whole affair. I advised him to publish a key, but he told me it was too dangerous.—What is the siege of Namur, which he often mentions, but the siege of Fort St. Philip's in Minorca?—or, the wound his uncle Toby received there but the distress the nation was thrown into thereupon? His application to the study of fortification, and the knowledge he therein gained, means nothing else but the rectitude and clear sightedness of the administration which afterwards took up the reins of government. This is a master-piece of allegory, beyond all the poets of this or any period whatever.

ever. There is but one fault to be found with Mr. Tristram Shandy as a politician—that is, making Vorick's horse so lean—but then he is armed at all points—I think too he should have told us the horse was white, to have made the symbolical application:—but he did not dare declare himself so openly upon this head—he told me so. Gentlemen, (continued he) I will only read to you one passage more, and leave you to make your remarks.

Art. 21. *Four Elegies: Descriptive and Moral.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Buckland.

There breathes a pleasing strain of pious contemplation thro' these elegies, cloathed in versification not inelegant. The first was written at the approach of spring; the second, in the sultry heat of Summer; the third, in Autumn; and the fourth, at the approach of winter.

ELEGY III. Written in Harvest.

Farewel the pleasant violet scented shade;
The primros'd hill, and daisy-mantled mead;
The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd;
The sunny wall with bloomy branches spread;
Farewel the bow'r with blushing roses gay;
Farewel the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field;
Farewel the walk thro' rows of new-mown hay,
When ev'ning breezes mingled odours yield;
Farewel to these—now round the lonely farms,
Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her seat;
Th' autumnal landscape op'ning all its charms,
Declares kind nature's annual work compleat.

Art. 22. *Elegies by Mr. Delap.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Doddsley.

These two elegies are a pretty imitation of Mr. Gray's upon a country church-yard. The merit of his and Mr. Hammond's performances in this way seems to have led succeeding elegaists into the same kind of verse; and the alternate heroic measure seems now peculiarly appropriated to this sort of writing. Yet if we might be permitted to form the ear of another by our own, there seems something insupportably tedious in this measure. The heroic stanza is the most solemn and slow that our language perhaps is capable of admitting; but this method of making the rhyme alternate, and yet preserving the number of syllables, renders it still more tedious; and the thought which is generally spread out into four long lines, that in other cases is commonly

commonly couched in two, must necessarily be loaded with epithets, and abound with what Horace calls the *verber lassa- rantibus aures*.

If the second and fourth lines of every stanza, instead of ten, were made to consist of eight syllables only, this would give more strength to the style and relieve the ear. This would then entirely correspond with the *versus impariter juncti* of the ancients, and, if turned with art, would produce inexpressible sweetness. But to our poet: his description of the miners, which runs thro' almost the whole first elegy, is picturesque and poetical.

Lo, at her presence, the strong arm of toil,
With glittering sickle, mows the prime of May;
While yon poor hirelings, for the mine's rude soil,
Leave to their sleeping babes their cots of clay.

With sturdy step, they cheerly whistle o'er
The path that flings across the reedy plain,
To the deep caverns of that yawning moor,
Whose shaggy breast abhors the golden grain.

There, in her green dress, nature never roves,
Spreads the gay lawn, nor lifts the lordly pine,
They see no melting clouds refresh the groves,
No living landscape drawn by hands divine.

But many a fathom from the sunny breeze,
Their painful way in central night they wear;
Heave the pik'd axes on their bended knees,
Or sidelong the rough quarry slowly tear.

Yet while damp vapours chill each reeking brow,
How loudly laughs the jovial voice of mirth;
Pleas'd that the wages of the day allow
A social blaze to cheer their ev'ning hearth.

There the chaste housewife, with maternal care,
Her thrifty distaf plies, in grave attire;
Blest to behold her raddy offspring wear
The full resemblance of their sturdy fire.

The second elegy is to sickness, where the poet still shews the same strength of imagination which he discovered in the preceding: we are sorry however to find himself the subject of his complaint, and that this gentleman should be incapacitated by sickness from feeling those beauties of nature himself, which he is so well qualified to make others feel in his description.

Art. 23. *The Apparition to a Gentleman, &c.* 4to. Pr. 6d. Pyle.

Enter admiral Byng in a violent passion, and calls aloud for justice. Not the great orator of Clare-market, whilom famed for true suburban eloquence could speak stouter.

‘ Pull back that saving arm, the blood of thousands
Cries aloud, my trampled blood cries louder
Yet for his, ten thousand widows, orphans;
Imperfect conquest, and defrauded glory,
A whole year’s war, a German winter’s waste,
The tainted summer, sword, and dog-star rage,
The dreadful scale of battle yet unpoiz’d
By fate, and Europe’s long-suspended doom;
O shall he then escape!—my gored bosom!—
Minorca will not weigh!—take down that shield,
That regal buckler from before his breast,
And pierce his guilty heart like mine,
Hot vengeance shall be slak’d, and Britain smile,
And even I shall sleep in peace eternal;
Ha! fence off that northern gust, see justice
Is disturb’d!’

Now, gentle reader, perhaps you may think that it is impossible to give a more exquisite sample of the true spirit of balderdash than this quotation; and yet we can assure you, that this example may be out-balderdashed in twenty other quotations from the same poem.

Art. 24. *Odes on the Four Seasons.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Millar.

As the poet in his preface assures us that these are the productions of an infant muse, it would be cruel to discourage a young beginner: they appear indeed throughout to be the productions of that age, when the imagination, new to the world, runs riot, unbroke by reason, as a poet expresses it. We have here, as in most poems of the kind, new-born Zephyrs, flowery borders, trembling rills, smiling vales, and airy hills; the lark Philomel, and the whole poetical vocabulary, help out the picture, and form a piece despicable, if written by a man; commendable, if only the production of a boy.

Art. 25. *Two Lyric Epistles.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Doddsley.

If there be merit in being unlike any thing that was ever written before, these pieces will not want admirers; they may be considered as a literary adventure, where the poet has many chances against him. To speak our own feelings, we cannot put ourselves among the number of those who have a taste for this kind of writing; a species of composition in which the author sits down and delivers whatever comes uppermost, who,
when

when he wants a simile, will catch at a conundrum ; who leads his reader through all the train of a fantastic imagination, without scarce one striking object in view. Amidst multitudes of puerilities, there seems now and then an opportunity of selecting something in this poem not entirely despicable ; as when, in giving ladies directions how to behave in the company of their admirers, he says,

‘ Meekness and pride alike inflame desire,

A truth well known amongst the wenchers ;

So oil or brandy thrown into the fire,

Are neither of them quenchers.

Take that which suits you best, my gentle dames,

Either will do, to set a house in flames.

’Tis not sufficient to inflame,

You must provoke, but you must tame.

Observe the anglers,

They don’t take every fish that comes ;

So many of your dangles,

Are but bull-heads and miller’s-thumbs.

A captain or some pretty fellow,

May dangle with you at a rout ;

Just as they fish for salmon with a menow,

Or a red clout.

But when you walk with Strephon arm in arm,

And feel all over new-milk warm,

Whilst he complains of penalties and pains ;

You’ll seem

Like an iced cream

If you have any brains.’

Art. 26. *The Tears of Music, a Poem, to the Memory of Mr. Handel.*

With an Ode to the River Eden. By the Reverend J. Langhorne,

4to. Price 1s. Griffiths.

We have had frequent opportunities of doing justice to Mr. Langhorne’s merit on former occasions, and on none has he had more just pretensions to our approbation than at present : there is something so truly musical in the flow of his numbers, his transitions of passion are so artfully managed, and his epithets in general so new and just, that he really deserves an high rank among our modern poets. This may be truly said of him, that though he abounds with faults, though he sometimes spins his thoughts too fine, yet in all his attempts he scatters some poetical strokes that are entirely natural and new. The repetition of the epithet *long* in the following quotation may be ranked among the number.

—— All silent now.

Those airs that breathing o’er the breast of Thames,

Led amorous Echo down the long, long vale.’

The

The description of the different movements in music are equally new.

'I feel, I feel the sacred impulse——hark!

Wak'd from according lyres the sweet strains flow

In symphony divine: from air to air

The trembling numbers fly: swift bursts away

The flow of joy; now swells the flight of praise.

Springs the shrill trump aloft; the toiling chords

Melodious labour thro' the flying maze;

And the deep base his strong sounds rolls away,

Majestically sweet.'

There is a variety in the numbers of the following passages that must please every ear.

'But, hark! what pleasing sounds invite mine ear,

So venerably sweet? 'Tis Sion's lute.

Behold her hero! from his valiant brow

Looks Judah's lion, on his thigh the sword

Of vanquish'd Apollonius——The shrill trump

Thro' Bethoron proclaims th' approaching fight.

I see the brave youth lead his little band,

With toil and hunger faint; yet from his arm

The rapid Syrian flies. Thus Henry once,

The British Henry, with his way-worn troop,

Subdued the pride of France——now louder blows

The martial clangor, lo Nicanor's host!

With threat'ning turrets crown'd, slowly advance

The ponderous elephants.——

The blazing sun, from many a golden shield

Reflected, gleams afar. Judean chief!

How shall thy force, thy little force sustain

The dreadful shock!

The hero comes——'Tis boundless mirth and song,

And dance and triumph, every labouring string,

And voice, and breathing shell in concert strain

To swell the raptures of tumultuous joy,

O master of the passions and the soul,

Seraphic Handel! how shall words describe

Thy music's countless graces, nameless powers!"

The ode to the river Eden has nothing in it either striking or new: the author himself is modest enough to observe that it is only added by way of ballast; but as it contains nothing that we can commend, so is there nothing to be found in it that we can censure; a striking proof that we should judge of every work by the greatness of its excellencies, and not the fewness of its defects.